The
# SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## UNDER THE WILLOWS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Under the willows, the cool brink willows,
Balm flowers blossom and white lilies grow;
Velvet the moss is, the sweet sunshine crosses,
With a kiss on his lips for the waters below.

Under the willows, the graceful willows,
Lover and lady sat talking one day;
Crystal waves glistened, and little birds listened;
And mimicking sang what they heard them say.

"By blue skies above you, I love you, I love you,"
Cried Robin, the sauciest bird in the crowd,
"My life is so lonely—one little word only."
Fie, Robin, fine suitors don't say it so loud!

A small Thrush romancer caught up her quick answer,
"Go talk to the maiden who sent you that letter,
And if you are honest, and do as you promised,
You will die for her dear sake—the sooner the better."

And thus it was ended; but oh, she repented
The mocking words jealousy urged her to say.
Young Clarence turned rover, and went the world over—
And they brought him to her in his coffin one day.

For ere his last breathing, while still hands were weaving
The funeral cypress his forehead must wear,
He said—when I perish, let those I most cherish,
Bury me under the willow trees there.

Then morning and even, whate'er might be given
A gentle-browed lady in duty to do;
A wreath of fresh flowers, from her own garden bowers,
Lay over the bosom that proved itself true.

Under the willows, the grieving willows,
The morn of the day she the fatal words said,
Fair Alice alone, by the garlanded stone,
Was found with head drooping, lips smiling, and dead.

MIRIAM EARLE.

FISHING FOR TUNNY ON THE COAST OF PROVENCE, FRANCE.

Tunny-fishing goes back to the remotest antiquity. The Phœnicians, the first navigators known, carried it on on the coast of Spain. In our days the fishing is prosecuted with great activity on the coasts of Provence, of Sardinia, and Sicily.

The fishing is generally carried on by the tunny-net, but in Provence it is done with an enclosed net called the *madrague*. The madrague is a vast enclosure in the open sea. The netting which forms the partitions of its chambers is sustained by buoys of cork on the surface, and kept down by heavy stones and other weights on the lower edge, and maintained in this position by cords, one extremity of which is attached to the net, and the other is moored to an anchor. The madrague is intended to arrest the shoals of tunnies at the moment when they abandon the shore in order to return to the open sea. For this purpose a long alley or run is established between the sea shore and the park or madrague. The tunnies follow this alley, and, after passing from chamber to chamber, betake themselves at last to the body of the park.

In order to force them into the madrague they are pressed towards the shore by means of a long net, which is extended in their rear attached to two boats, each of which sustains one of the upper angles of the net. When the fishes come to the last compartment, the fishermen raise a horizontal net, which makes a sort of plate of this compartment, in which the fishes are gradually raised to the surface of the water. This operation occupies the whole night.

In the morning the tunnies are collected in a very narrow space, and at varying distances from the shore; and now the carnage commences. The unhappy creatures are struck with long poles, boat hooks, and other weapons. The tunny-fishing presents a very sad spectacle at this its last stage; fine large fish perish under the blows of a multitude of fishermen, who pursue their bloody task with most dramatic effect. The sight of the poor creatures, some of them wounded and half dead, trying in vain to struggle with their ferocious assailants, is very painful to endure. The sea, red with blood, long preserves traces of this frightful carnage.

The flesh of the tunny is much esteemed, being firm and wholesome. It is called the salmon of Provence. "For our part," says M. Figuier, "we put it far above the salmon. Nothing is comparable to the fresh tunny thrown into a hot frying-pan, and sprinkled with vinegar and salt. When properly cooked, nothing can be more firm or savory. In short, nothing of the kind can rival, or even be compared, with the tunny, as we find it at Marseilles and Cette." The tunny is greatly celebrated among the Greeks and other inhabitants on the shores of the Mediterranean, of the Propontus, and the Black Sea.

## LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

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### CHAPTER VII.

Leonie Dormer had seasons when she knew that it would be wise and better if she would separate herself completely from Mark Lasley—but it was so difficult, that in spite of her imperious will, she could not force herself to do it. In her whole life, no man's admiring words had ever sounded so pleasantly in her ear—no man's delicate attention had ever moved her so much—no man's protestations of affection ever roused such tender echoes in her heart.

She chafed under this knowledge, knowing that it could only bring her deeper unrest, but her struggles made her more capricious and changeable without giving her strength to break the spell. Indeed, during the days which followed that ill-omened drive, the pair got on but poorly, though Lasley could not keep from haunting her presence—and sometimes for a little while, she would forget the stern necessity there was for keeping him aloof, and be so gentle and kind, that for the hour his vague suspicions and mental torments of all sorts would be flung off, until some chance word would make her remember and bring back the disquiet which so sorely vexed his days.

He could not forget her singular fainting fit, and Milly Crofton's strangely persistent manner in regard to the emerald ring. He noticed that he had never seen it on Mrs. Dormer's fingers since that day, and once he mentioned it. She turned upon him quite angrily, and they managed to quarrel in regard to the matter; but of course it had no lasting effect. The next time they met, Leonie was kinder than ever, and he so happy in seeing her smile could recollect nothing else, till a new shadow rose.

Milly, too, was fighting against her own peace; and Walter Thorman in the blind arrogance of his manly dignity, helped her to bring the black cloud more closely down, to shut out more completely the beautiful heaven which had only a little time before been so full of new meanings to her.

At last, one night Mrs. Dormer said to him, with her dangerous frankness—for in spite of her training, she was very impulsive at times—

"You are like the rest of your sex, Walter Thorman."

"In being dazzled by your brilliancy?" he asked, laughingly.

"Nonsense!" retorted Leonie. "What is the good of talking in that way? There is nobody to hear."

"Thank you," said Thorman, and felt vexed, as the veriest old stager will when a woman says such things, however indifferent he may be to her.

"People say that you are engaged to that pretty little baby, Milly Crofton."

Thorman flashed up.

"And if I am—she is a darling little thing."

"Just that," replied she, coolly, "and that was what you wanted to find. Let me see—you are thirty-three; you have lived since you were fifteen—oh, yes, I know what men like you want! To be worshiped, adored, made a god of—innocence and youth for you—very good!"

"Thank you; my vanity is not quite insatiable."

"You don't thank me, and I'm not talking about your vanity. What I want to know is this—since you have seen fit to take a child to bring up, why aren't you satisfied?"

"I wonder," said Thorman, musingly, "do these children—"

"No, they don't," interrupted the widow; "they never do grow up—and I am sure they are to be envied. Who would feel if he could help it! You have chosen your wild flower; sometimes, after the first blossoming, such flowers turn into the commonest weeds—but you must run your chance—you can't have ragout and syllabub in the same dish! You have grown dreadfully tired of the taste of ragout—I only hope the syllabub won't turn sour."

"How cynical you are," returned he, in an irritated tone.

"Men always say that, when one takes the trouble to tell them the truth, I observe."

"I wish there was no such thing as truth," said Thorman.

"I don't think there will be by the time the next generation gets here," replied she, quietly. "Well, they say we live afresh in our children; with your prospects you can look forward to that poetical pleasure."

"You sneer—but I know you love children; you would give the world for something to care for as you could a child."

"I don't deny it," she replied, quickly. For an instant her lip quivered, but the brief emotion passed, she went on in the same careless voice. "I dare say I shall envy you! I suppose when a man gets tired of his syllabub, the babies are a great blessing—and our American doves subside into nurses and upper servants very quietly."

"I don't want—"

"You needn't interrupt—I have reached the children's chapter. I say the babies are delightful, but they will grow to men and women—and the first use they make of their serpent teeth, is to sting one's dead heart into new life and keener suffering."

"You are worse than Mephistophiles!" he exclaimed, angrily.

She laughed outright.

"I should be sorry to lead such a tender Faust astray! I wish no harm to you or your Marguerite—but I am really afraid. There are acids enough in her composition to make your sweet drink most unpalatable whey. There, I am sorry I said that! I have been punishing her lately, for her impertinence—it was too bad of me."

"She is dreadfully exacting and jealous," Thorman said, gloomily, with a man's true lack of generosity.

Leonie's mood changed; if she could, she would have said something that should have eased the hurt her bitter speeches had made.

"Mr. Thorman," she said, seriously, "if you go to work right, I believe you may be tolerably happy and content. Go find her and try to bring back her sunshine; it is much to be loved—don't lose the opportunity."

"If I have found it," he muttered.

"You believed for a time that you had; why, man, even a pleasant deception is better than a blank! Keep to your illusions, if they be such."

"To tell me that—at my age—when I know how impossible it is to keep them from slipping away."

"Then don't let this little idyl be an illusion! I tell you the future is in your own hands! Take what life offers, and don't fret after the unattainable—you are not a boy! I'll not talk to you any more to-night—I feel bitter—I really envy you the peace you may have."

She sent him away without the least hesitation or ceremony.

"Go back to that pretty flower. I don't want you, you don't want to stay; we are two fools to stand here airing our cynicism at each other's expense."

Then she began to say merry, witty things, and sent him off laughing in spite of himself.

"I wish the child had brains," she thought, looking after him as he passed out of the conservatory where she was standing. "But after all, it's better as it is. Of course he'll get tired—a man! Bah, the idea of being loved by such a hackneyed heart as his! But where will one find a better or as good, for he's worth more than any other of his kind, that's certain."

She sat down on a low seat among the flowers and forgot Thorman, Milly, and all the world but herself. Her face darkened and saddened, as it often did when she was alone, and once she moaned bitterly—

"Oh, my lost youth—oh, my lost youth!"

She leaned her forehead against the glass, and looked up at the clear, moonlit sky—it looked so far off, so cold. There was no comfort for her even in the future—the forever itself seemed only a dreamy sound.

She heard some one enter the conservatory; she was not alone; back to earth she came, flashing at the foolish midge who had interrupted her thoughts, a smile so dazzling that it made him fairly dizzy.

"Come and say pretty things to me," cried she—then looked in his face, and added carelessly: "oh no, you are one of the dancing set—very well, Mercury, take me among them."

I suppose the fool was dreadfully puzzled, and flattered, and confused, all at once. Mrs. Dormer had a way of upsetting the brains of the midges, and making them feel horribly uncomfortable and out of place; but it was something to be seen talking and dancing with a woman who was the rage, and they admired her the more from the fact that they could no more understand her than they could an Egyptian hieroglyphic, and that her talk was as unintelligible to them as the complaint of a wood-thrush would be to a flock of sparrows.

Thorman went in search of Milly; she was talking to foolish Charley Wylde, who saw her grow inattentive, and deaf, and blind, looked up to see that Thorman was near, and with a groan in his poor little heart took himself out of the way, for fear he should be mercilessly snubbed, as sometimes happened to him since this Milly had changed so.

"Milly," said Thorman, "half our sunshine seems gone; is it wise to let these shadows come between us?"

Her lips quivered, but she knew that he had just left the Creole—the knowledge did not incline her to accept any share of the blame.

"I have not brought them," she answered, trying her best to look cold and quiet, and to speak with indifference.

"No matter who has done it—they are there, and they will make us both very unhappy, if they are not swept away.

A few weeks ago Milly would have been softened by those words and that tone—now out of her new clear-sightedness, came the thought—

"He talks to me as if I were a child, to be lectured into obedience at his pleasure—I will not endure it."

She did a very foolish and unworthy thing, but painfully natural in her state of mind—she gave a little flirt to her fan, and with a coquetry, which only Mrs. Dormer's finished manner could have made graceful, exclaimed—

"I have not complained of being unhappy! Dear me, where has Charley Wylde gone? he asked me to dance."

If there was any habit that girls have which was utterly detestable to Thorman, it was that of nicknaming their male acquaintance—a little bit of bad taste of which Milly was seldom guilty.

"She really has no heart," he thought, "one can neither reason with her nor appeal to her feelings! Am I always to be disappointed and mistaken—is there no rest for me anywhere?"

"I promised him this waltz," pursued Milly, arranging her bracelet; "how rude he will think me! Which way did Charley Wylde go, Mr. Thorman?"

"Perhaps you would like me to call him?" suggested he, coldly.

"Glad to get away," thought Milly; "I'll not let him see I feel it—I would die first—die—die!"

Milly clutched her fan tightly—it was a relief to hurt or spoil something—but she had learned out of the experience of the past weeks, to be a tolerable hypocrite.

"If you will be so good," said she, smiling; "the room is cold when one sits still, and I promised him this waltz so faithfully—oh, long ago—yesterday morning at the concert."

Walter Thorman stared again at this new Milly, who confronted him with those guarded eyes and that icy smile, and had found such insolent meaning for her voice. He was at a loss what to do or say under the circumstance—but just then up came silly Charley, to remind her of her pledge—very nervous he was about it, for fear she should refuse him and make him feel boyish before Walter Thorman, whom he hated with all a boy's passion, but unable to lose the chance of being happy for a few moments.

"Will you—have you forgotten—" he stammered, quite losing the ease of manner for which our New York youth are so famous, and which sometimes strikes one in connection with pink cheeks and suspicions of moustaches, as ludicrously as it would to hear a lamb growl.

"Oh, I never forget," returned Milly, with a little laugh. Up she rose with a flutter, sweeping out her skirts, and speaking louder than was agreeable, took the arm which Charley offered, trembling with delight and the added pleasure of taking her away from that man, and Milly smiled defiantly at Thorman, and floated off.

"Has she neither heart nor head?" thought Walter Thorman. "Not even good manners! Well, well, that I should live to this age to be a greater fool than I was at twenty! Actually to believe in a girl—I deserve to be punished for my insanity, my idiotic stupidity."

He fairly ground his teeth and felt inclined to do a little melodrama, till he remembered where he was, and that it was not worth while to amuse people by making himself ridiculous.

So he stood still for a few moments, then took himself quietly out of the room and went home to smoke many pipes and sulk exceedingly, and recall every unpleasant thing that had ever happened to him in the whole course of his life; and when a man past thirty does that he can speedily reduce himself into a sufficiently disgusted state of mind with the world and existence in general to have satisfied Diogenes himself.

Then he got to this latest disappointment—this child whom he loved so tenderly, mixed with so much of the patronizing feeling and unconscious annoyance that were so exasperating to the creature whom his love had quickened into new powers of thought and perception—and he grew more misanthropic still. He remembered the girl he had fancied in his college days, when he was not much wiser than Charley Wylde was now; a girl, dead ages since, who living or dead would have been only a pretty dream to him; but he was in a mood to fancy otherwise and to say with Owen Meredith—

*"Ah well, the women free from faults,*
*Have beds beneath the willow."*

But after a time the very unreasonableness of his mood brought a reaction. He caught sight of Milly's picture lying on the table—the sweet young face with its faint shadow of melancholy, like a premonition of a mournful destiny, which made it different from other girl-faces, looked up at him like a reproach for having indulged in all those old world memories and gone raking the dead ashes up out of the dead past to sully the present.

He began to study the picture—to be softened and encouraged by the beautiful capabilities there were in the countenance, and at last went to bed, determined to make one more grand effort to set Milly right, to bring the sunshine back to her face and secure to himself peace and repose in her simplicity and childishness.

To set Milly right, that was his thought; so much he erred in the outset. Ah, we men and women going out of our youth, the faded, wasted youth that we have rendered

disterted and misshapen till we are glad to be rid of it, to bury it deep and get away from the lifeless thing that fills us with remorse such as a wretch might feel in looking on the white face of a friend whom he had murdered—how petty, how unjust we are toward those who are in the spring-time of feeling, how utterly we refuse to acknowledge that they can feel and comprehend what we know we feel and understood long before we could reason about it, and so leave ourselves powerless to help their bewilderment even when we are willing so to do.

Milly, whirling through the waltz, saw Thorman depart, and straightway her heart went down, down into the black depths, and she would gladly have given her soul to call him back just for one loving word, one gentle look. Then she hated herself and loathed Charley Wylde, and longed to dash her fan in his face, and still she was whirled on through the dance and preserved a placid smile, for she was not a heroine in a three-volume romance—she was a poor, blind, foolish child with the woman too rudely wakening within her, living a real life and doomed to suffer its pangs, which are so terribly real, so mixed with much that is small, ludicrous and absurd, that they hurt all the more from being divested of half their dignity and weight.

Mrs. Gresham saw that Thorman was gone, and before long, feeling a little sleepy and cross—the supper was a failure, so she had her reasons for being misanthropic as well as any lover of them all—she insisted on taking Milly home, and when they were shut up in the carriage Mrs. Gresham fell to fault-finding, and Milly was flippant, and between them they made matters worse.

She had suspicions that things were not going quite smoothly between the engaged pair, and though she knew nothing, was inclined to blame Milly. She had already given her divers hearty scoldings for her peevishness and variable temper, which had produced the effect lectures delivered at the wrong time invariably do upon people, and always have since the old days when Adam lectured Cain for indulging in a very unnatural and unworthy hatred of that disagreeable model of goodness, young Master Abel.

When they reached home, Mrs. Gresham found awaiting her one of those most unpleasant results of this rapid age—a telegram. She would be obliged to go to Baltimore on some tiresome business, and to start without delay. So she went to bed crosser than ever, as was pardonable I am sure.

The next day she started on her trip, taking Maud with her, having decided to remain a week and visit an old friend—she might as well get a little good, if possible, out of the bore and unpleasantness. But Milly could not be expected to stay shut up in the house during her absence, so she sent a note and asked silly, good-natured Mrs. Wallace to play chaperone for Milly's benefit, knowing very well that Hortense would be too busy with her elogies, her hospitals and her learned blue parties to remember Milly, and that Adelaide Ramsay was altogether too selfish and ill-natured even to make a pretence of promising to do so.

Hate is a spiteful jade, there is not the slightest doubt; when she wants completely to upset any little scheme of happiness we have on foot, she invariably arranges the most common-place incidents so as to help her black designs, and she was no better natured to Milly than she has proved to each of us in our time.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Paul Andrews chose that very week to give one of his delightful dinners, and Mrs. Wallace was invited. He implored her to bring Milly, for he had a deep-seated spite against Thorman, and he knew nothing would vex him more than for the girl to accept the invitation.

You must remember Paul Andrews; he shot himself not long since, and as far as this world was concerned, it was the only wise thing he had done in years. He was as bad and thoroughly blasé—the word has become so English that you can excuse it—as a man could well be. His wife had been a gay, reckless creature—I dare say he ill treated her—at all events, something drove her quite mad, and she ran off to Europe with a fellow a shade worse than her husband.

That is a very improper story, told in as few words as I could manage. Andrews got a divorce, but the affair had hurt him exceedingly—would have ruined him utterly, had it not been for his family and his money. He had come back to New York to live, and besides his dreadfully disreputable and delightful masculine suppers, where there were much pun and high play, he would give dinner parties whereat he persuaded some one of his feminine relatives to preside, and many people would go—those people so insane after amusement, or so reckless, they would rush into the mouth of purgatory in search of that or a brief forgetfulness.

The dinners certainly were charming, and Paul was an angel of a host, however much of a devil he might have been in his private capacity as a man, but I used to think I would rather see a sister or wife of mine dead than sitting at his table, looked at as he looked at all pretty women, and listening to the conversation that went on there, witty and brilliant as it was.

Mrs. Wallace was a sort of cousin of Paul's, a widow, rich and free to go where she pleased, and having known Paul in his young days when there was probably some good in him, she was ready to believe that he had been much injured and maligned, and that very likely he was no worse than other men, only he was not hypocrite enough to cover up his failings so carefully as they did, and keep the varnish of reputation without a crack.

She entered readily enough into Paul's scheme, the more so perhaps, because he knowing that even the best-natured people work better for a reward, promised her, if she succeeded, a wonderful *renaissance* cabinet, on which she had long set her heart. It seemed to Mrs. Wallace the most delightful thing in the world to induce Milly to do something of which all her friends would disapprove—"a regular lark," she called it to Andrews, and set herself to work to bring it about, for she had always envied Paul that marvellous cabinet, and he had been heretofore deaf to her entreaties and plans for getting possession of it.

But she failed utterly; Milly would not hear of the thing, and at last grew very indignant, and Mrs. Wallace could have cried with vexation; she did hate to be thwarted—and the cabinet was such a beauty.

"You're a foolish little kitten," said she. "Why, the Conways go, and Mrs. Dexter and Helen Taylor—dear me, you need not be so particular—poor dear Paul! Why, for that matter, I met Walter Thorman there not long ago, and that widow woman with the crazy eyes—how she does flirt!"

Milly felt the fire in her heart blaze up with new fury, but she would ask no questions. Mrs. Wallace did not explain that it was early in the season she met Thorman there, when Milly had nothing to do with his proceedings. Like other people, she suspected the engagement, and let Milly think he had been there with Madame Santaine.

As for Leonie herself, she would have visited Satan if he had kept house within reach and she had thought proper, and moreover would have made people submit to it. But the truth was, she had not really known Paul Andrews when she accepted his invitation. She had been forced to be cruel to him a year before when he came to Louisville, where she was residing, and had tried to be civil by way of making amends, but for some time past they had not even been on speaking terms.

Mrs. Wallace pleaded as long as she dared, but Milly was firm, though it had flashed through her mind that it would be a fitting punishment to Walter for her to go, and coolly tell him that if it was proper for him and Mrs. Dormer, she had concluded there could be no objection to her going also. But that was only a passing thought; consent she would not, and she reproached Mrs. Wallace for urging her.

"You know my aunt would not permit it. I think you do very wrong to propose taking me to a place of which she would not approve."

"Oh, Eliza Gresham always was terribly straight-laced," returned free and easy Mrs. Wallace, not in the least offended. "I thought you had more fun in you, and would like to go, just because you ought not. Poor Paul; he's not so black as he's painted, after all! People don't always get their deserts in this world; if they did, I'm afraid that wild-eyed Mrs. Dormer, Walter Thorman flirts so with, would be out of the pale more than Andrews is."

Milly listened eagerly, yet having the grace to blush at her own unwomanliness in being willing to hear the slanders Mrs. Wallace poured forth without the slightest scruple. Not that she disliked the widow, or believed half the things she was repeating; but she was an inveterate gossip from sheer idleness, and such a woman does a great deal more harm than your downright malicious scandal-monger—moreover, she was so vexed at losing the cabinet that it was a relief to abuse somebody.

"I vow Walter Thorman shouldn't go on so," she added. "You needn't purse up your mouth, Miss Puss; your aunt as good as told me you were engaged, the morning she went away. I'd bring him to terms if I were you! I was glad to see you flirt with Charley Wylde the other night. I think it touched my Lord Walter."

Milly felt bitterly glad—yes, wickedly glad—with that horrible exultation we have at the success of a plan which wounds what we love, while it stings our own souls. He should feel, feel to the core of his heart, that she was not a baby to be punished and sent into a corner. So people noticed his conduct—oh, she would beat him at his own game!

And there Mrs. Wallace sat, inventing things, giving a signification to speeches that was never meant, yet not intending to do any real harm—only stirring Milly up, as she would have expressed it, for her own amusement, by way of a little amends for the disappointment of being forced to tell Paul that she had failed in their scheme.

"Well, Milly, I shall say no more," she exclaimed, at last. "Put up with Thorman's conduct, if you choose—meekness is interesting—but thank Heaven, I have a will of my own! Why, when I was your age, I would have done anything for an evening's sport! Your aunt would never know it; but let the matter go—do as you please. I stand by Paul Andrews; I always shall! When a man begins to go down in the world, there is some merit in keeping to your friendship for him."

She let fly a few more shafts at Thorman and Mrs. Dormer, and went her way. But in spite of Milly's determination—stupid obstinacy, she called it—she said to Andrews—

"Keep a place at table—I shouldn't wonder, after all, if I brought her at the last moment."

All the things that had been said rankled in Milly's mind, and made her more angry with Thorman—but the idea of going to the dinner did not in the least possess her.

It was the very day of the party; Mrs. Wallace had given up her lingering hope, and Paul Andrews had resigned himself to being unable to spite the man he detested, and to endure the smart which the most hardened animal does when perceiving that some innocent creature shrinks from him.

Milly wanted to see Thorman; a change had come over her; had he appeared at that moment, she would have forgotten his sins and been remorseful over her own errors and short-comings. She wrote a little note to him, and gave a servant directions to take it to his hotel.

Now Cæsar inherited a full share of the indolence so bountifully bestowed upon the children of Ethiopia; he felt no desire for a walk that day, so he gave the note to a coffee-colored friend of his, who had dropped in to pay him a visit, and who must pass Thorman's lodgings on his way home. Fascinating Hannibal would have left the dainty-looking billet as he promised, but he was beguiled into seeing a salmon-colored lady of his acquaintance, whom he chanced to meet, safe to her dwelling, and the note remained forgotten in his coat-pocket.

Milly waited and waited—the day was passing; no answer—no message. She rang the bell to inquire if her letter had been taken at once. The girl went to ask Cæsar, and came back with the positive assurance that it had been attended to without any delay.

Still Thorman did not make his appearance; Milly had leisure to pass through a thousand changes of feeling. She cried with disappointment; she grew angry; she excused him only to blame him the more a moment later; then she cried again, and after those last tears, felt harder and more resentful than ever. If he had even answered her note, offering any excuse whatever for his refusal of her request; but to be treated with this complete indifference was too much for Milly to bear.

It was quite late in the day when Mrs. Wallace's carriage stopped at the door, and the servant came up with a message. Would she go and drive?—if so, make haste down.

Milly did not wait to think that she was in no mood to endure anybody's society; she threw on her cloak and hat and ran down stairs.

"Actually here!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace. "Milly, you are an angel not to have kept me waiting."

Milly laughed discordantly; the color came back to her cheeks; she stepped into the carriage, and off they drove. Mrs. Wallace talked about the dinner—regretted that she could not have Milly with her—but the girl was too busy with her own thoughts to pay much attention to the remarks or her own answers. They took a few turns about the park; then Mrs. Wallace complained of feeling chilly, and they drove back through the avenue.

"I want to stop at Mrs. Lindsay's a moment," Mrs. Wallace said. "I'll not make a call—I have something to tell her."

Milly refused to accompany her, so Mrs. Wallace left her in the carriage and went upon her errand. Milly sat idly looking through one of the windows, watching the gay equipages dash past, thinking how contented everybody looked, and wondering why the change in her life which had promised such happiness should have brought her so much trouble; wondering, fretting and bemoaning her wretchedness, as we all do, without having the slightest idea that her own actions could in the least have mended matters.

Suddenly down the avenue passed two people on horseback, riding fast, talking and laughing gayly—it was Leonie Dormer and Walter Thorman. One look and they were gone, and there Milly sat, the blood turning to ice about her heart, and her head reeling till the long rows of houses seemed tottering and ready to mingle in one common ruin.

Do you know what it is to be frantically, insanely jealous? To go so mad that for the time you would sell body and soul to be avenged? If not, pray to God that he may keep you from such frenzy and the calamities you may bring upon yourself under its influence!

Milly sat with her hands clenched, her teeth set hard together, her eyes blazing with a light that had never before shone in them; her whole mind lost in the fierce whirl which shook her frame. Back came the widow, and away they drove through the gathering twilight, Mrs. Wallace rattling on with some wonderful tale she had heard during her call, till at length Milly interrupted her by exclaiming suddenly—

"I will go with you to this dinner."

"Oh, you darling girl, I am so glad! Now you are behaving sensibly! Your aunt will never know it."

Little cared Milly if the whole world knew it. What were any consequences that might arise to her? Walter Thorman should be made to feel—that was all her thought; the worse the place, the greater his suffering. Go? Why she would have gone if a fiend had guarded the door and claimed her soul as a forfeit.

"You shall have a charming evening," pursued Mrs. Wallace. "Wear that blue dress and silver wreath you had on at my house."

"I'll go," repeated Milly, in the same defiant tone; "I'll go."

They reached the corner of the street where Mrs. Wallace lived.

"Let me out here," said Milly; "I'll walk home."

"It's only a step—better drive."

"No, no; I want to walk—I will walk," returned Milly.

"I shall call for you at half-past seven precisely," said Mrs. Wallace. "Now look your best! How lucky that pert Maud went with her mother—you'll have nobody to watch you."

Milly was out of the carriage before it had fairly stopped, and hurrying along without a word of parting.

"I do think she is mad," thought Mrs. Wallace. "What has come over her to put her in this state? She must have seen or heard something of Thorman that has thrown her into a fever. Well, I don't care what it is—she's going! Mr. Paul Andrews, the sooner you send me that cabinet the better—I have kept my word. I do hate to be beaten!"

She drove on home in the best possible spirits, debating in which particular room she should place her long wished-for treasure, laughing when she thought how furious Walter Thorman would be at hearing of Milly at the dinner, and hear of it he would—Paul Andrews would take care of that. Of any evil consequence to Milly, beyond a lecture, she never dreamed; she only looked at the sport and the mischief, and was as happy as a boy over a pocket full of stolen apples.

Milly got into the house and up to her room. She took no time to think—think indeed! You might as well have asked red hot lava to pause for reflection, as her dizzy mind! She dressed herself—she was looking more beautiful than she had ever done in her life—this culmination of the excitement of the past weeks in such a mad frenzy had done its work.

Beautiful she was, but not like the dreaming, romantic Milly of so brief a time back. To one who understood what made the change, there would have been something pitiful in the eager face with its flashing eyes, the scarlet spots on either cheek, and the hard, defiant smile on the lips that had lately been so tender and tremulous.

Half-past seven came very soon—the carriage was at the door. Mrs. Wallace had come into the house to be certain that Milly was dressed to please her, and as the girl ran down stairs with her opera cloak on her arm, Mrs. Wallace exclaimed aloud at her loveliness.

"You were always pretty," cried she enthusiastically; "but to-night you are absolutely beautiful."

Milly jested and laughed, and the false excitement supported her until it was too late to retreat or think—she was in Paul Andrew's drawing-room—he was holding her hand—looking into her face with those bold, bad eyes—uttering fulsome compliments.

Then her reason came back; she felt herself grow weak and faint—what had she done! She looked around at the people; men whom she met at balls, those known to her as reckless and dissipated; women with some of whom she was not on speaking terms; others with whom she acknowledged acquaintance, protected by their husband's names, and everybody looking a little curiously at her, as if wondering by what chance she was there.

Milly's rage and jealousy could not keep up to their fever heat any longer. She was glad to creep into a chair and do her best to keep her teeth from chattering with the sudden chill that had crept over her, unable to talk to those who approached, transformed at once into so commonplace a girl of the shy genus that Paul Andrews looked at her in disgust, and would have been ready to throttle Mrs. Wallace for cheating him out of his cabinet, only that he consoled himself by thinking it was in his power to trouble Thorman and the woman whom he had grown to hate. Nor did Milly improve when the party were seated at table. The color would not come back to her cheeks, nor the light to her eyes. The jests at which the others laughed puzzled her, or dimly understood, made her shiver with disgust. She was seated near Andrews, but after trying for a little to talk with her he gave up in a rage, wondering what people saw in the washed out little thing to admire, and thinking that Helen Taylor, in spite of her being somewhat passé, was worth twenty of her.

It seemed to Milly that they sat at table a lifetime—it was all like a bad dream to her. The noise, the laughter, the quantity of wine the men drank—the careless freedom of the women—all insupportable.

When at last they rose, she got near Mrs. Wallace and begged to be allowed to go home, but her friend would not listen to it, and Paul Andrews happening to hear the request said in an injured way—

"I am sorry you so soon repent having honored my house with your presence, Miss Crofton."

Of course she had to try to set matters right, but succeeded only indifferently.

"I am too stupid even to be polite," she said at last, beginning to laugh for fear she should cry.

"Come let me show you a Correggio in the library," he said, offering her his arm, and she was obliged to go with him, thinking Mrs. Wallace would follow. She did not, and Andrews stood talking with her a few seconds about the picture, then he said—

"I must go back to those tiresome people; stay here till you are rested, Miss Crofton."

He went out of the room; and Milly, glad to be alone, sat down by the table and leaned her aching head on her hand. She was aroused by the opening of a door—not the one by which they had entered—a door that led to some apartments at the back of the house. She saw a man approaching her, and looked up wonderingly, for she could not recollect having seen his face among the guests, nor was he dressed in evening costume.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Crofton," he said, in a low, silky voice, that struck unpleasantly on her ear, in spite of its melodious sweetness. "I was unable to appear at dinner, and my friend Andrews promised that I should have an opportunity to speak to you for a moment."

Milly looked at him in wonder; she could not well feel terror, with the people she had left only across the hall.

"To speak with me?" she repeated, shrinking instinctively from the handsome, dissipated face and the wicked black eyes turned upon her. "I do not know you, sir, or what you can have to say to me."

"A few words will tell that," he replied, laughing a little. "You are engaged to Walter Thorman—"

Milly rose, in anger, and interrupted him.

"If it were true, I do not choose to discuss my private affairs with a stranger," said she.

"I think you will be glad to listen," he answered, quietly. "I know that you are engaged; but I know, too, that Leonie Dormer sees him oftener than you do."

Milly stood white and breathless, listening eagerly enough now.

"No matter what my reasons are for warning you," he went on; "I do so, and I choose to give you a spell that shall render that woman powerless to harm you. As for the man—well, girl-like, you will not believe till you find him out for yourself."

Milly's trembling lips tried to frame a question, but were mute.

"Look here," he said, lifting his hand. Milly saw Leonie Dormer's emerald flashing on it. "The first time she annoys you, say to her, before Thorman, or who you will, that Philip Yates, you know, has guarded her gift carefully, for you saw it on his hand—remember that."

He passed out of the room without another word, leaving Milly stupefied with astonishment. Presently she began to be afraid at the solitude of the sombre apartment, and hurried out, never stopping till she was at Mrs. Wallace's side, once more insisting that she must and would go home.

"Why, nobody will go these two hours," said her silly adviser.

"You needn't go—the carriage is here; only let them take me," pleaded Milly; "I can't stay—I'm ill."

She looked so in truth—and Mrs. Wallace began to grow a little frightened, and anxious to be rid of any responsibility. The carriage was ordered—somebody, Milly never knew who, took her out; and Andrews said to his cousin—

"It's a dead loss! I hope your house will burn up the night you get the cabinet! Still, I think I have settled Walter Thorman and the widow."

Mrs. Wallace was curious to know what he meant, but he would give no explanation, and she soon forgot her wish in the pleasing excitement of whist.

The instant Milly reached home she rushed upstairs and flung herself on her bed, unable to support herself a moment longer. All she had gained by the step, which in her fury she had fancied was to be so great a triumph over Thorman, was that intense pain in her head and that intolerable fear of her adventure being discovered. She had not even had the excitement which supports young women in novels when guilty of some outrageous freak; there had been no pleasure, no success; she had not been a sort of drawing-room meteor to Paul Andrews and his guests; she had sat among them pale and stupid as an overgrown school-girl suffering from shyness and too much plum cake.

Verily, Milly's first taste of stolen fruits had not been sweet; the apples of Sodom had turned to ashes on her lips before she could so much as get a single taste of their fabled luscious sweetness.

There she lay on her bed and shook and shivered, and could only get warm as she remembered Paul Andrews's false smile, or the echo of some of those horrid jests haunted her—then she seemed burning up with sudden shame, and fairly wished the floor might open, let her away down into the dark, and hide her forever from her fear and humiliation.

When that crisis passed she could remember the mysterious warning the stranger had spoken, and feel her wrath toward Mrs. Dormer and her desire to be revenged sweep so violently over her soul, that it was fairly like a spasm of insanity.

"I am glad I went," she cried in a quick reaction of sentiment; "glad, glad! Now I know that he is false—oh, I knew it before, only I lied to myself and would not believe—fool, miserable little fool! But she shall feel—if there is any capability of feeling in her! I'm not likely to forget his words—he needn't have been afraid! I wish it was day—I wish I stood face to face with them both! Oh, I shall go mad, mad!"

So Milly battled with her demons, and yielded to the fierce whispers of her jealousy and her rage, till when day came, it seemed as if weeks must have been spent in that vigil, the pure, girlish face looked so worn and seamed with misery and passion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 1870.


## TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $40—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

## Leonie's Mystery.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We began this fine story in THE POST of October 8th.

We design printing an extra edition of this story, sufficient to supply back numbers to all new subscribers up to January.

Still, as the extra edition *may* not hold out, it will be well for all who wish to avail themselves of our liberal offers, to send on their subscriptions as early as possible.

## THE EARTHQUAKE.

The recent earthquake was not felt in Philadelphia, its force having been exhausted upon our Northern and Western brethren. A little village like Philadelphia was probably considered not worth notice. Well, we are content. Obscurity has its pleasures as well as its pains. We are willing, in this respect, to be considered "no great shakes."

At New York, however, the quaking was something terrible—at least if one might judge by some of the accounts. For instance, the *New York World* begins its report as follows:—

For thirty seconds yesterday New York was weak-kneed, and for five minutes its steadiness was gone. Tenement houses gave up their dead, and tall manufactories were emptied of their nervous workers; chairs oscillated, and chandeliers were alive; clocks stopped, and tables took dancing lessons. Brooklyn was in a paroxysm, and trembled from Red Hook to the Wallabout; the Palisades were for once unsteady; "the mountains skipped like rams, the little hills like lambs." 'Twas but for thirty seconds, it is true, but for thirty seconds New York was conscious of an earthquake, and, with a satisfied tremble, felt that at last she was quite equal to San Francisco.

Of course it would not do for New York to be behindhand in earthquakes or in anything else. But we do not read of any building having tumbled down, or even any chimney—although we read that at one printing establishment, "the printers and others employed *were almost palsied with fright*."

☞ A looker-on in Chestnut street finds fault with our prediction that the pavement they are now putting down in front of Independence Hall will only last three years. He says that at the rate they are going on, they will be full three years in putting it down.

☞ A young lady of twelve, Miss M. A. B., sends us two clubs from South Pass, Illinois—and gets THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND and two engravings as her reward. We should think a good many boys and girls of that age could do the same, if they had the requisite energy and persistency.

SOUND DOCTRINE.—Professor Allen, in the recent Methodist State Convention, when considering the Labor question, said:—

"It is admitted that men of all occupations have a legal right to combine for their own advantage, provided they do not encroach upon the rights of others; but when combinations forbid the non-affiliated to work for a living, and to contract for such wages as they please to accept, and for so many hours per day as they choose to work, and enforce the prohibition by social ostracism or physical force; when they prevent boys learning trades, by prescribing the number of apprentices an employer may take; when they presume to regulate the business of their employers, as well as their own, and take into their own hands the management of capital which the labor of others has accumulated, they become oppressive, tyrannical and injurious to the Commonwealth."

And the following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Convention relative to partisan politics:—

"That while we recognise the necessity that in a Government like ours parties should exist, yet no party has a right to command unconditionally any man's vote, and that we owe our fealty to party just so far and no further, as party in the selection of its candidates shows its fealty to virtue, integrity, intelligence, Christian morality and fitness for the position."

ADVERTISING AGENCIES.—The Agency of John Hooper & Co. has just been merged with the younger but not less favorably known house of G. P. Rowell & Co., New York. We have had many dealings with Rowell & Co., and have always found them a reliable and efficient house. And we trust that this enlargement of their already large business may be productive of benefit alike to them and their customers.

☞ The Foreign News does not amount to anything this last week. There are rumors of Peace, which we hope are true.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ORIGIN OF CIVILIZATION AND THE PRIMITIVE CONDITION OF MAN. MENTAL AND SOCIAL CONDITION OF SAVAGES. By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M. P., F. R. S., author of "Prehistoric Times," etc.; Vice President of the Ethnological Society: Fellow of the Linnean, Geological, Entomological, and other societies. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This is a subject to which great attention is now directed, and Sir John Lubbock's views will be widely considered.

VALERIE AYLMER. A Novel. By CHRISTIAN REID. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This novel is said to be a very good one. It is by a young American author.

THE SPRING-DALE STORIES. By Mrs. S. B. C. SAMUELS. Complete in six volumes—"Eric," "Ennisfallen," "Adele," "Nettie's Trial," "Herbert," "Johnstone's Farm." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This seems like a very tempting series of story books for the young folks—and would make a good Christmas or birthday present. The engravings are quite pretty.

LITTLE FOLKS ASTRAY. By SOPHIE MAY, author of "Little Prudy Stories," "Dotty Dimple Stories." Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE. A Compilation of Choice Religious Hymns and Poems. By the editor of "Chimes for Childhood," "Echoes from Home." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE PENN MONTHLY. The October number contains an article on "Wealth: of What Does it Consist?" by H. C. Carey, "Lily," "The Burden of Our Anxieties," &c. "Not of our World," is a fine poem, by E. W. Watson; and "The Italian Element of Milton," an interesting article upon an interesting subject. Published by the University Press Company, 103 south Fifth St., Philada.

THE GALAXY. The November number contains "Lady Judith," "A Brazilian Poem," "Fort Sumpter," "Overland," "Monsignore Capel" (with Portrait,) Mark Twain's Memoranda, &c. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

PUNCHINELLO. We really believe we are to have a successful comic paper in Punchinello; the last number is capital.

THE OLD GUARD. A monthly Magazine, for October. Published by English & Co., New York.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. For October. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Published by Henry C. Lea, Philada.

ELECTION RETURNS.—These are a good deal mixed up as yet. In Pennsylvania, if Bierer, (Dem.) as is now reported, has defeated Griffilan, (Repub.) the delegation will stand 13 Republicans, 1 Independent Republican, and 11 Democrats. As the present Congressional delegation consists of 18 Republicans and 6 Democrats, this shows a Democratic gain of 5. The Democrats also claim a majority on the Congressional vote in the state.

In Iowa, sixty-one counties heard from give a Republican majority of 31,000. The Democrats lose one of their usual six counties. Odell (Prohibition) has 2,844 votes.

The Republican majority in Ohio, on the state ticket, it is reported will exceed 10,000.

In Indiana there is, we believe, a gain of two Congressmen to the Democrats. The Democratic majority in Indiana is said to be 2,500.

☞ According to the Grape Culturist grapes can be kept perfectly plump, sweet, and fresh underground. They should be gathered as late in the fall as possible on a clear day, and laid in a box about eight inches deep, with a layer of grape leaves from the vines at the bottom, then a layer of fruit, then leaves again, until the box is full. Let the lid be nailed tight, and bury deep enough to escape the frost, and in the spring they will be as fresh as when first picked.

### AN EARTHQUAKE.

An earthquake occurred on Thursday, the 20th, in Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, the New England States and Canada. The time of its commencement, as reported by telegraph, varied according to locality from 11 to 11 35 A. M., and the duration of the shock from a few seconds to two minutes. It was severe in the towns along the Hudson; and in Boston, Cleveland, Montreal, Scranton, Pa., and other places, buildings were so shaken that the inmates rushed into the streets. Beyond some tumbling of chimneys, slight cracking of walls, and breaking of windows and crockery, no damage is reported, however. During the earthquake, three hundred feet of the bed of the Ogdensburg railroad, 16 miles from Portland, Me., settled ten feet. The direction of the earth wave, where noticed, appears to have been generally from north to south. At some places a rumbling noise was heard. Professor Hough, of Dudley Observatory, says the mercury in the barometer was violently agitated during the earthquake. We append a few of the telegrams received at Philadelphia.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 20.—The following notice is written by Prof. Hough, of Dudley Observatory:—"A shock of earthquake was felt here at 11.15 A. M., Oct. 20th, lasting about one minute. The walls of buildings had a very marked vibration, open doors were made to vibrate, and objects hanging on walls were put in oscillation. At the time of the shock a rumbling noise was heard. Clock pendulums swinging north and south were made to vibrate east and west, showing that the earthquake passed in an easterly direction. Since 9 A. M. of yesterday the barometer has been falling rapidly, the total fall amounting to 7-10 of an inch. During the shock the mercury in a registering barometer was in a violent state of agitation. [Signed.]

G. W. HOUGH,
Dudley Observatory."

DETROIT, Michigan, Oct. 20.—A shock of an earthquake was felt in this city at 11 A. M., to-day. Reports received indicate that it was generally felt throughout Michigan.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Oct. 20.—A very sensible shock of earthquake was felt here this morning at about 7 o'clock, lasting 15 or 20 seconds. The National Bank building, Atwater block, and other large buildings swayed to and fro, causing the persons occupying the upper stories to flock into the streets in the greatest consternation.

SCRANTON, Penn., Oct. 20.—A severe shock of earthquake was felt here at 11.20 A. M. to-day. The walls of several buildings were cracked, and the people were much alarmed.

PORTLAND, Maine, Oct. 20.—About 300 feet of the bed of the Ogdensburg Railroad, near Otter creek, in Standish, 16 miles from here, settled 10 feet to-day at the time of the earthquake.

LABORATORY OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE, BRUNSWICK, Me., Oct. 20—12 M.—A severe earthquake shock has just passed, throwing down a portion of one of the chimneys of Adams Hall. The general direction was northeasterly and southwesterly. The duration was from thirty to forty seconds.

BOSTON, Oct. 20.—An earthquake was felt here at 11.20 this forenoon, causing a perceptible vibration of buildings, and creating great alarm among the people employed in upper stories. Near the corner of State street and Merchant row, a block of granite in the building was cracked, and another block forced outward from the wall three or four inches. The shock lasted thirty seconds.

MONTREAL, Canada, Oct. 20, 11.15 A. M.—A shock o earthquake has just been felt here. Build..gs rocked to and fro, and everybody rushed into the streets in alarm.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Oct. 20.—A severe shock of earthquake was felt here to-day at 11 o'clock. A number of windows were broken, and people rushed to the street in great alarm. There has been nothing of the kind here since 1854, when a slight shock was felt.

ITHACA, N. Y., Oct. 20.—Three distinct shocks of earthquake were felt here at 11.10 to-day (New York Time.) The motion was from north to south. Windows rattled and clocks were stopped.

QUEBEC, Oct. 20.—A severe earthquake shock was felt here this morning, lasting for several seconds, accompanied by a rumbling noise. Buildings were rocked and the people rushed into the streets in alarm. Several chimneys and ceilings fell down.

### Saturday Evening Post.

A happy old age is the usual sign that one's life has been useful and virtuous. Here before us, amongst our exchanges, is the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, nearly in its *fiftieth* year. It is so well known as one of our best family and literary weeklies, that it needs no commendation from us. Our purpose here is to commend one of its articles on the Simmons bequest of near a million and a half for an educational purpose in Boston. Most of all these sums go in expenses. It is a pity that those who intend to do good in this way, do not look to aiding those in which the machinery already exists. We want not so much new schools or colleges, as help for those which are now struggling along.—*The Gardener's Monthly.*

THE CROPS.—The October report of the Department of Agriculture estimates the wheat crop of 1870 at 14 per cent. less than that of 1869—the average quality, however, being better. The corn crop is the best for ten years. The yield of potatoes is less, the reduction from last year being 14 or 15 per cent. The increase in breadth of cotton was estimated last July at 12 per cent., which would give a crop of over 3,500,000 bales, but later reports do not fully bear out this estimate, and it is believed that the crop will not exceed that of last year.

WRECK OF THE CAMBRIA.—LONDON, Oct. 21.—The steamer Enterprise, from Garston to Londonderry, picked up a boat off Innishowen Head, at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, containing a sailor and the corpse of a girl. The sailor stated that the steamer Cambria, of the Anchor Line, from New York, struck at 10 o'clock the night previous on Inishtrahull Island, and became a total wreck. Four other boats, containing passengers, left the steamer, but have not yet been heard from. The sailor reports that his own boat was upset, and all in it but himself were drowned. The Cambria left New York, on the 8th, for Glasgow, via Londonderry, Ireland. She took out 127 passengers, 43 cabin, 18 intermediate, and 67 steerage. Among the passengers was Gen. Davies, of Chicago.

☞ An invalid at the sea-shore is trying to get up his strength by eating mussels.

### The Moon a Dead Star.

The Maine Journal of Education has translated an article from the Cosmos, in which Stanislas Meunier gives some curious speculations with regard to the present physical condition of the moon.

His theory is, and he has the support of eminent astronomers like Beer, Moedler and Arago, that the moon is a dead star. He draws this inference from a singular appearance upon the surface, which is called "grooves" by the physicists. These grooves have parallel sides nearly a mile in width, and from ten to 125 miles in length. There are already ninety of them, and it is supposed that more are in process of formation. Reasoning from analogy, we must believe that, at some period in the distant past, the moon had an atmosphere and water, and also that on account of her inferior size, she had cooled much more quickly than the earth. The water penetrating the crust has been absorbed as the decrease of internal heat increased the thickness of the crust, until long before the cooling process had reached the centre, the water had disappeared. The rocks then solidifying, as the heat supply diminished, contracted in a manner resembling the appearance of basalt, and produced the grooves into which the atmosphere settled. Hence comes the chaotic appearance of the moon, with its immense mountains, volcanoes and craters. Some astronomers have detected an appearance of action in some of the volcanoes; but the general appearance is that every vestige of physical life has long since departed from the surface of our satellite.

These theories are all very well when applied to our distant neighbor, the moon; but we cannot shut our eyes to the startling fact that the earth is undergoing a similar process of transformation. Geologists trace a close resemblance between the circles in the moon and the circles of granite and porphyry upon the earth. They have also discovered evidences of a fine stratification among the lunar mountains, while the volcanic formations bear a discernable analogy to those of Teneriffe and Pama

According to the new theory, the following is the process slowly taking place on the earth's surface; for she, like her subordinate, is gradually cooling. It is estimated that one-fiftieth of the original ocean has been already absorbed, and that when the crust of the earth has become one hundred miles in thickness every drop of water will disappear. It is also estimated that the earth could easily absorb fifty oceans like those which now cover a large portion of the surface.

All the water at present on the earth constitutes one twenty-four-thousandth part of its weight, and once absorbed would become insensible to chemical analysis. The water being absorbed, the earth will crack open like the moon, and form similar grooves into which the atmosphere will settle. Long before this era all life will have ceased.

Whether there is any truth in the theory or not, we have no immediate cause of alarm; for the process will not advance enough to give the slightest record in the short span of a single lifetime. According to the experiments of Bischof, it will take nine millions of years for the earth to cool down fifteen degrees. This loss is almost imperceptible, as the internal heat adds only a thirtieth of a degree to the temperature of the surface.

If this process is true of the earth and the moon, the same cause must produce the same effects in the other planets and satellites of the system. Even the great sun himself must be subjected to the laws which rule his subordinates. Therefore, the time must come in the distant ages of the hereafter, when sun, planets and moon, losing every vestige of heat, will have absorbed every drop of water in their thickened crusts, and will have imprisoned every particle of atmosphere in their huge fissures.

The solar system, now so grandly beautiful, will then be but an assemblage of dead worlds, without a ray of light, without a wave of heat, without a drop of water, without a breath of air floating round in the immensity of space, bound together by the law of gravitation in the embrace of death.

It is not a pleasing spectacle, if it is a philosophical one!—*Providence Journal.*

### Chloroform.

How many thousands of miserable mortals must have, or ought to have, blessed the discoverer of chloroform during the present war. Terrible as have been the sufferings of the combatants, they can in some respects be as nothing to those of their forefathers who fought at Blenheim and Waterloo. One surgeon writes describing how a young cavalryman asked coolly for a cigar the moment after a terrible operation was concluded, and was with difficulty persuaded that the affair was really over; while another, a quarter of an hour after his arm had been taken off, insisted on going to see an operation performed on a comrade, alleging that he really must see it, because he couldn't for the life of him understand how men were taken to pieces without suffering any pain. We are not half grateful enough to science, to which we owe so large a share of modern comforts, luxury and relief.

A GREAT MAN.—What is a great man? Is it a Minister of State? Is it a victorious General? A gentleman in the Windsor uniform? A Field Marshal covered with stars? Is it a Prelate, or a Prince? A King, even an Emperor? It may be all these; yet these, as we must all daily feel, are not necessarily great men. A great man is one who affects the mind of his generation: whether he be a monk in his cloister agitating Christendom, or a monarch crossing the Granicus, and giving a new character to the Pagan world.—*Disraeli's Coningsby.*

☞ An Ohio girl has laid by the sum of six hundred dollars, all gained by making corn husk door-mats at ten cents each.

☞ The friends of Senator Morton say he will decline the English Mission, if he has not already done so.

☞ A gentleman of Readstown, Vernon county, Michigan, some time ago was going into Milwaukee, and he was requested to get some music for the Sunday-school. He did as requested, and brought home six fifes and a drum. He suited the scholars, but—well, he will hardly be entrusted with a similar commission again.

☞ Cuba was recently visited by a terrible hurricane, which caused great destruction of life and property. At Matanzas, the loss of life is estimated at two thousand. The lower part of the city of Cardenas was also laid waste. At Havana the damage was slight.

Senator Cameron was struck with paralysis in Baltimore on the 21st. He was taken to Harrisburg in a special car. His right arm and side are affected.

☞ The Freemasons of Troy have organized an insurance company, with three classes of members, of 1,000 each. A fee of $8 has to be paid on entering, and at the death of a member each remaining member of his class pays $1.10 into the treasury, $1 of which goes to the family of the deceased. No other fees or dues are required.

☞ A New York court before whom was brought a dispute about a reserved seat at a concert, decided that all seats previously secured by ticket were the property of the person for whom they had been secured, and might be occupied or allowed to remain idle for that particular entertainment at his or her pleasure.

☞ The Duke of Argyle, whose son is engaged to Princess Louise, one of Queen Victoria's daughters, has a sister who has just married. Sir John McNeill, a gay boy of seventy-five.

### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—10,000 bbls in lots at prices ranging from $4,50@5,00 for superfine; $5,00@6 for extra; $6,25@7 for Penna and Ohio extra family; $6@6,75 for Northwest extra family, and $7,25@8,75 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. 300 bbls Rye Flour sold at $3,25.

GRAIN—Wheat—95,000 bus sold at $1,12@1,40 for Indiana red; 1,25@1,28 for Ohio red, $1,25@1,35 for Penna red, and $1,20@1,23 for Delaware red. Rye—Sales of 2000 bus at 92@93c ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 75,000 bus at 75@80c for Western mixed, 78@82 for high mixed, 80@85c for Western yellow, and 82@85c for Penna yellow. Oats—60,000 bus sold at 53@54c for white, 50@53c for mixed, and 45@48c for black. Barley—5000 bus of Iowa sold at $1,05.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $26,50@27; clear at $28, and extra prime at $22. Mess Beef is steady at $20,50@23 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $21@22. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 20@23c; Excelsior hams at 23c; sides at 17@18c, and shoulders at 15@15½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 18@19½c; sides at 15c, and shoulders, in salt, at 14½@14½c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 16@16½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 12@17c; Penna stone packed at 20@24c, and Bradford county at 40@45c. Eggs—Sales at 30@31c ₩ dozen. Cheese sells at 14@14½c ₩ lb.

COTTON—400 bales of middlings sold at 15½@16c ₩ lb for upland and 16@16½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $27 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark at $16@22 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX at 22@23c ₩ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 3½@5c for Apples, and 7½@8½c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $1,50@2,50 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,10@1,11; mixed, $1,10@1,15; Straw, 1,15@1,20.

IRON—Pig Iron—No 1 sold at $21@23; No 2 is quoted at $20,50@20. Bar Iron sells at $50 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at 33 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—3000 bus sold at $6,40@6,50. Timothy—Sales of 700 bus at $4,75@5,35. Flaxseed at $2,15.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3116 head. The prices realized from 8½@8¾cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $50 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—13,000 head were disposed of at from 4@5½c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $11,00 to 11,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

### Interesting to Ladies.

"I have had a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in constant use for twelve years. I think it the best family machine in use."—*John Higgins, Lexington, Ky.*

**From Alex. N. Dougherty, M. D.,** late one of the Medical Directors U. S. A., Newark, N. J.

"Having been made acquainted with the composition of the preparation known as SOZODONT, I have for some time past permitted its use in my family, where it has given entire satisfaction. It is an elegant toilette article, well worthy of the encomiums it has received."

"SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE."

### Dissipation and Late Hours.

After the festal night comes the miserable next morning, with its headache, its qualms, its gloomy reflections. Business must be attended to; but neither mind nor body is fit for business. What is to be done? How are the energies of the system to be worked up, and its reserves of vitality brought out? How is the clouded brain to be cleared?—the languid and relaxed frame braced up for action? Under such circumstances, a single wine-glassful of PLANTATION BITTERS will bring about an immediate and beneficial change, and a healthful glow will be diffused through the whole organization by the tonic operation of this wholesome cordial.

SEA MOSS FARINE, made from pure Irish Moss, is considered by all who have used it to be a most delightful, healthful and economical food.

### Pirating a Trade Mark—An Infamous Imposture.

To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

SIR: My preparation, "Helmbold's Buchu," is known the world over as a standard remedy. The success which has attended my business has induced some knave or knaves to pirate my trade mark, in order to palm off upon the patent medicine trade and the unsuspecting public a spurious article.—Aside from the pecuniary injury which these swindlers may do to me, they are imposing upon the suffering public. The afflicted, by using their worthless and pernicious preparations, may sustain irreparable and fatal injury. I ask, therefore, at your hands, as the conductor of the most widely circulated newspaper in the west, if not in the world, an opportunity to expose the knaveries of these infamous impostors. Their mode of operation is as follows:

Circulars are issued to the drug trade in a given district, offering "Helmbold's Buchu" at a large reduction from wholesale trade rates. These circulars are dated from a given street and number in a city in the vicinity of the district thus covered. Many druggists located in small towns and by-ways are thus induced to order by mail, thinking that a branch office for the genuine article has been established there.

By the time I have been informed of these nefarious transactions, and have placed my detectives on the watch for the rascals, they have made their harvest and flown to other and more distant points to repeat the trick and impose upon the public.

I find also that their plan is to receive orders at one town and fill them at another and quite different place, to avoid detection. In all this, however, the public would not be so much interested were the article supplied a genuine one, or in any way valuable. But the contrary is the fact. The ingredients of the spurious compound, as I find by analysis, are simply water, with some cheap coloring matter, to deceive the unwary. A travelling agent is also out, representing himself as a son of H. T. Helmbold, and endeavoring to borrow money under such representations.

I am this day in receipt of a letter from the well-known house of Stewart & Morgan, of Indianapolis, on this matter. They stated that other tricks were tried in Cincinnati. Many letters have been received by me from Maine to California—some desiring to know if I had lowered my rates, others asking protection or reductions from former purchase.

To all such I can only reply that my medicine is put up under a certain trade mark and Government stamp, to counterfeit which, or vend the counterfeit knowingly, is as criminal an offence as picking a pocket or breaking into a bank. My only depots are 594 Broadway, New York, and 104 South Tenth st., Philadelphia, Pa. I employ no travelling agents to solicit orders, and all persons so representing themselves are swindlers.

To protect the afflicted and the trade I have made the most ample provision. All persons acting in collusion with these swindlers, or selling their wares, will be prosecuted; while to any person who will procure the detection of these criminals, I will pay a reward of one thousand dollars.

Very respectfully, H. T. HELMBOLD.
New York, Sept. 29, 1870.

**Scratch! Scratch! Can't Sleep O'Nights.**

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT, SWAYNE'S OINTMENT, SWAYNE'S OINTMENT, SWAYNE'S OINTMENT, SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. } CURES ITCH, TETTER. CURES SALT RHEUM. CURES ITCHING PILES. CURES BARBER'S ITCH. ALL SKIN DISEASES.

No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail for 60 cents, postage paid. Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 8th st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. aug6-eowtf

### HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES.

SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, And other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous diseases of the Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Weakness and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats,

Are within the curative range of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

### A Torpid System.

Sometimes, without any assignable cause, the physical strength and animal spirits give way, and a strange torpor falls alike on the body and intellect. There is little or no pain perhaps, but the natural vigor and elasticity of the nervous and muscular system seems to have departed, and an indifference to the pleasures of life, and even of its grave responsibilities, takes the place of that earnest interest in both which characterises every well-balanced mind when in a healthy condition. This state of partial collapse is often the premonitory symptoms of some serious malady. It indicates unmistakably that the vital powers are languishing and need a stimulant. In such cases the effect of a few doses of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is wonderfully beneficial. The great tonic wakes up the system from its drowse. The secretions and the circulation receive a new impetus. The relaxed nerves recover their elasticity under the operations of the specific, like the slackened strength of a musical instrument in the process of tuning.—Lethargy and debility are replaced by energy and vigor, the spirits rise, and life that almost seemed a burden while the season of depression lasted, becomes once more enjoyable. That such a radical change should be produced by a remedy entirely devoid of the powerful alkaloids and mineralo so extensively used in modern practice, may seem incredible to those who pin their faith on the medicinal efficacy of active poisons, but if these skeptics will take the trouble to inquire of those who have tested the corrective and alterative virtues of the Bitters under the circumstances described, they will find the statement to be true. oct1-5t

**Psychomancy, Fascination,** or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. m,21-6m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 54 Front St., New York. oct1-tf

**Important Notice.**—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 135 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep6-1y

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. ADOLPH NEWMAN to Miss MARY C., daughter of Caspar Boenning, Esq., both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. ALBERT FREEMAN to Miss ISABELLA PETTIT, both of this city.

On the 19th of Aug., by the Rev. G. W. Germon, Mr. C. GOSSMAN to EMMA, daughter of the late Washington Whilldin, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. ALFRED W. HOWARD to Miss CHRISTIANNA SCHEER, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. FREDERICK S. AXE to Miss LYDIA F. BIRAN, both of Frankford.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. EDWARD S. COOPER, of Camden, N. J., to Miss REBECCA SHIELDS, of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, MARY ANN, wife of George H. Mills, in her 40th year.

On the 19th instant, JAMES ARMSTRONG, in his 71st year.

On the 17th instant, ELIZABETH PARKER, in her 58th year.

On the 17th instant, CHARLES E. MOREY, in his 30th year.

On the 18th instant, ANN, wife of Wm. Branford, in her 64th year.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM WALLACE, in his 59d year.

On the 15th instant, Mr. SAMUEL FLAHR, in his 37th year.

On the 14th instant, Mr. EDWIN WALLACE, in his 23d year.

On the 14th instant, MORDECAI LEWIS, in his 80th year.

# TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

**The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer**

**3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,**

As follows: We began an admirable Novelet called

## LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

in the paper of October 8th—and we shall commence the subscriptions of all

**NEW SUBSCRIBERS**

for 1871, with that date, until the large extra edition of the papers containing the early chapters of the story shall be exhausted. This will be

**THIRTEEN PAPERS,**

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

**FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!**

When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all **NEW** subscribers for 1871 will be entered on our list the very week they are received.

**Of course those who send in their names early, will receive the whole number of extra papers.**

We EXPECT to have enough extra papers to supply all comers **UP TO JANUARY**—but it will be most prudent not to delay in sending on subscriptions.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

| | |
|---|---|
| One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50. | |
| 2 copies, | $4.00 |
| 4 " | 6.00 |
| 5 " (and one extra) | 8.00 |
| 8 " (and one extra) | 12.00 |
| 11 " (and one extra) | 16.00 |
| 14 " (and one extra) | 20.00 |
| One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, | 4.00 |

*Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.*

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—**And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling, to speak a good word for us to their friends.**

Our **NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING** for next year is a beautiful plate called "**The Sisters.**" It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, **G. F. Doo**—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, **Sir Thomas Lawrence.** It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect GEM OF ART.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!*

☞ *Club Subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra.* To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars.*

## TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of four or more NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

**Special Offer of Lady's Friend.**
**TWO MONTHS FOR NOTHING!**

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of November, shall receive the November and December numbers of the present year in addition—making 14 months in all! And those sending their names by the first of December, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making *thirteen months in all!*


### A MESSAGE.

"After the battle of Fohrbach a French officer of Cuirassiers was found dead, with a letter, which we copy, crumpled in his hand."—*John Bull, Sept. 3.*

It was only a crumpled letter,
In a careless, girlish hand;
It was only a childish message
From the sun-kissed, southern land.
It was only a brief memorial
Of the tears the absent shed;
It was a trifle from the living,
But a message to the dead!

"Father, dear, you are gone to battle,
But I think incessantly,
As I miss your morning blessing,
What your sufferings must be!"
So she wrote, and so he held it,
With a blessing on her head,—
When the token of the living
Was a message to the dead!

"I'm so good, dear—oh, so steady—
You would wish me to be so;
If *I'm* quiet half your dangers
Dear mamma need never know.
So, good-by, papa! God bless you!
Guard and keep you evermore:—
See! I send you fifty kisses
From an ever-ready store!"

It was only a crumpled letter
In a dead man's hand that day,
Just to show how hearts were aching
In his own land far away.
It was only a loving message
From a loving child that sped,
But the words the living pencilled
Were a message to the dead!

Take it not then from his fingers,—
Lay it with him in the grave,—
If it be a consolation,
'Tis the latest he will have.
For I think the bullet reached him
As the tender words were read;
So that when the angels told it,
'Twas *no* message to the dead!

## The Lovers of Bologna.

The traveller who now visits the thriving city of Bologna, with its wide thoroughfares and rich colonnades, could scarcely picture to himself the Bologna of the thirteenth century. The patriotic, intelligent, and industrious inhabitants still cherish the recollection of that independence for which their ancestors struggled, and still cling to their old motto of "Libertas." But as we stand in that ancient city, in the fertile plain at the foot of the Apennines, we are reminded of the words of the great English historian of the middle ages, who tells us that, in the Italian republics, "a splendid temple may seem to have been erected to liberty; but, as we approach, the serpents of faction hiss around her altar, and the form of tyranny flits among the distant shadows behind the shrine."

The Gieremei in 1273, had for years been at the head of the Guelf or Church party in Bologna. They could trace their descent from Duke Sergio, through Gieremia, Count of Ghiazzolo, who lived in 1021, in the territory of Forlimpopoli, and Giovanni di Rambertino de' Gieremei, who, in 1153, was admitted to the office of podesta of Bologna.

In electing this last-named noble to be their criminal judge and preserver of their peace, the citizens could not foresee the misery which his descendants, at the head of the most powerful faction, could bring upon their republic more than a hundred years afterwards. The Lambertazzi were the leaders of the Chibelin or Imperial party, and were sprung from Pietro, Duke and Marquis. At the time of which we write, these nobles were allowed no prominent part in the administration of the republic. Yet, notwithstanding that hatred of the nobility which characterized all the free towns of the thirteenth century, and notwithstanding the especially democratic spirit which manifested itself earliest in Bologna, the Gieremei and the Lambertazzi maintained their influence over their respective factions. The members of both families sat in the same councils, and the republic had hitherto succeeded in containing them within the circuit of the same walls, and in repressing the hatred which they showed to one another on every occasion.

Imelda was the daughter of Orlando Lambertazzi, and was very beautiful. Her dark eyes and pensive countenance had captivated Bonifacio, the son of Gieremia de' Gieremei; and she loved the young man passionately. The manner in which they became acquainted is not related by the historians of their country. From her earliest childhood she must have heard her own people converse constantly upon the plots and deeds of the great Guelfic family. The renowned preacher had passed away from Bologna, but the would have been told of Fra Giovani's attempts to reconcile the rival factions; and with her feminine piety and youthful zeal—fostered doubtless by the teaching of those mendicant friars whose orders were, in her time, free from the corruptions which they showed in after ages—she may have cherished the thought that by her means peace would be established between her father and the Gieremei. She must have seen Bonifacio at the public processions in which their families took part. Perhaps, as wondering children, they had, eight years previously, looked at each other from opposite sides of the square, when four thousand citizens left to join the Crusade; or they may have met later—at the foundation of the church of San Giacomo; or at the burial of King Henzius, who had been kept prisoner by the Guelf party ever since his defeat at Fossalto. Their love increased with their years. Their parents could not have suspected the passion entertained by the children, as they would have considered it impossible that the old animosity did not live in the breast of every man, woman, or child of the Guelfs and Ghibelins. But the handsome Bonifacio forgot the mutual hatred of their houses, and was prepared to run any risk for one glance from the bright eyes of Imelda Lambertazzi.

Their affection blinded them to the consequences of a discovery of their clandestine meetings; and Imelda one day consented to receive her lover in her father's house. Bonifacio, unarmed, followed her footsteps to her apartment. All the lady's attendants being absent, the lovers thought themselves secure from intrusion; and, perhaps, conversed of plans for the reconciliation of their parents, and hopes of a bright future. Whilst they were thus happy in the belief that they were concealed from all eyes, a spy had detected them. This man was one of a number such as the Lambertazzi would always retain in their employ to watch the movements of the Gieremei, and would be trained in such a service to hate the latter as his bitterest foes. The brothers of the lady were carousing in the house of the Caccianemici, and the fierce adherent of the Ghibelins lost no time in carrying to them the tidings of their sister's frailty. Imelda and Bonifacio must have heard the Lambertazzi approaching, heated with wine, cursing their sister's treachery, and threatening death to the heir of Gieremei.

Now had the Ghibelins, after having been defeated in so many hard fights, the opportunity of paying off the old score. When, in that moment, there flashed upon them the recollection of the slaughter at Fossalto, the long captivity of Henzius, and the frustrated plans for the escape of the Ghibelin leader, who now slept free from party strife in the church of St. Dominic, it was sweet to know that at last the Guelf was in their power. It was the work of an instant for Bonifacio to urge Imelda to seek refuge in flight. Hardly had she obeyed when her brothers rushed furiously into the apartment, and beheld their enemy. The Lambertazzi, who had been soldiers of the Cross, had learnt too well from the Saracens the use of the poisoned dagger, which the fanatical followers of the Old Man of the Mountain used as their sole weapon. One of them struck Bonifacio in the breast, and making one large frightful wound, plunged the dagger to his heart. Then they dragged the body to a deserted courtyard, not far from the room, and hid it in a drain by covering it with rubbish. Soberness and discretion returned with the completion of their terrible work. They consulted their own safety, considering that the officers of the podesta, or the friends of their victim, would be equally dangerous to them; so they hastened from the city.

Imelda, from her hiding place, heard no cry. The deed was done too suddenly for altercation. The fatal blow was given too quickly for her to hear her lover's voice. Trembling she listened for a sign of some struggle. Bonifacio was strong and might resist. But then she remembered he was unarmed. The silence was at length broken. She heard footsteps passing slowly, heavily. Then they were gone. Could she venture to come from her place of concealment? It were better, perhaps, to wait a moment longer. But they returned more hurriedly than before. What could have been done? A murmuring sound reached her ears, and she caught the words "pursuit," "Gieremi." The voices grew fainter and fainter, and all was again silent.

Then she came from her asylum. She looked around, and saw no one. Quickly she rushed to her room, calling upon him who could never again answer her. The apartment was deserted, but the blood upon the floor told her that there was but little hope. She did not swoon. She would seek her Bonifacio even through the city—even at the gate of the great Guelfic house, the home whither he might have dragged himself. She would heal his wounds, or, at least, would be with him should he die. But the crimson stream went beyond her room, and into the corridor. She followed the drops of blood on still farther, and then came to the place of her lover's hasty burial. She dashed away the rubbish with which he was covered. His body was still warm. The blood still issued from the great wound. She had heard three years earlier how Edward of England had been saved; and she had listened with admiration to the Crusaders who had returned to the city, and who had told the story of the devotion of the tender Elinor. Could she, by sucking the venom from this wound, restore her Bonifacio? This was the only treatment which left her some hope. She threw herself on his body, and sucked the poisoned blood from his breast. Her efforts were unavailing, and she grew weaker. The large eyes no longer kept back their tears. As the venom was communicated to her veins, she gave full vent to her grief for her lost darling. And when her women came to seek her, they found her lifeless; and saw that in her dying moments she had folded about her the arms of him whom she had loved too well.

Thus ended one act of the tragedy in the death of these unfortunate lovers, the fair and lovely Imelda Lambertazzi, and the brave and noble youth Bonifacio, the son of Gieremia de' Gieremei, chief of the great Guelf party or faction in Bologna. There is no reason to doubt the historical accuracy of the narrative of these Bolognese lovers which we have here placed before our readers. The history of their love and their tragic fate forms one of the most picturesque scenes recorded in the archives of the beautiful city in which they dwelt—united by their love for each other, divided by the hostility which arrayed their respective houses one against the other in rivalry and savage hate, which nothing less than the ruin of the fair city of Bologna could finally quench.

The rest of the story may be briefly told.

These "poor sacrifices to the enmity" of the two houses did not abate the hatred of the Gieremei and the Lambertazzi, who could no longer be restrained by laws. They both allied themselves with people who had hitherto been the enemies of their country. The Gieremei united themselves to the Modenese, whilst their opponents sought the help of the inhabitants of Faenza and Forli. Both factions tried to make the citizens adopt their enmities or their alliances; and the Gieremei, as a signal of a speedy expedition against the towns of Romagna, took a triumphal chariot to the public square of Bologna, and there the Lambertazzi attacked them. On this square, or round about the fortified palaces of the chiefs of the two parties, the fighting continued without cessation for forty days. Torrents of blood ran in the city, and by degrees the friends of the murdered Bonifacio made themselves masters of all the fortresses of the Lambertazzi. Never in any civil war was the abuse of victory carried farther. The Gieremei drove from Bologna all the Ghibelian party; they pillaged their houses, which they laid even with the ground. Thus was the "scourge laid upon the hate" of the rival factions.

This page of the history of Bologna is closed. Twelve thousand Ghibelins fled for refuge to the towns of Romagna, and looked back upon their ruined towers, fallen through the fatal love of Imelda Lamoortazzi.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—Those who imagine that the French Revolution originated among the lower orders, grossly deceive themselves. Ideas always come from above. It was not the people who made the Revolution—it was the nobility, the clergy, and the thinking portion of the nation. Superstitions sometimes have their birth amongst the people,—philosophies are born only amongst the heads of society.—*Lamartine.*

## Influence of War Upon the Weather.

### A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF FACTS.

The following article is by the correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Frankfort-on-the-Main:

Since the commencement of actual hostilities between Germany and France, that is, from about the first week in August to the present time, we have had in this part of Germany scarcely a day without rain, generally continuous, and often accompanied with thunder storms. This phenomenon has called the attention of the German press to the subject, and some valuable historical facts connected therewith have been brought to light; and there appears to be little doubt, judging from the data on hand, that the many storms and rains which we have had in Germany for the past six weeks—a most unusual thing at this season here—have been brought on by the cannonading and firing of small arms in Alsace and Lorraine.

The Ungarische Lloyd, in an interesting article, says that the history of the wars of the last eighty years are full of accounts of the great meteorological changes which have followed violent engagements in war. In the history of the 1700 invasion of the allied German army in France we are told how great were the difficulties which met both parties. On the clay soil of Champagne uncommonly violent rain storms hindered the dragging on of the guns and ammunition, which had to be left by the withdrawing German army. In the battles of 1813-1815 the weather was always one of the most important factors. In the battle of Katzbach, it is reported that great numbers of the French lost their lives in this little Silesian mountain stream, swollen by the rains that had just fallen; that by Dresden the continuous rains and consequently bad roads hindered the operations of the allies, and almost every child knows, from Victor Hugo's story, that it rained heavily at Waterloo; the roads had been rendered almost impassable, and the Prussian help, in spite of all exertions, was too long in coming up.

The Germans bring to mind some very interesting American experiences. In 1861 Lewis called attention in Sullivan's American Journal to the fact that violent rains and heavy cannonading appeared to stand in intimate connection. He said (I quote the German): "In October, 1825, I observed a very plentiful rain immediately after the cannonading which took place in celebrating the connecting of Lake Erie with the Hudson. I published my observations on this event in the year 1841, expressing the opinion that the firing of heavy guns produces rain in the neighborhood. After the first battle in the last war between France, Sardinia and Austria, there followed such important rains that even small rivers were impassable, and during the great battle of Solferino there broke out such a violent storm that the fighting was interrupted. In July, 1861, McClellan's troops on the upper Potomac had four separate engagements on four days, and before the close of each violent rains fell. On the 21st of July Bull Run was fought in Virginia, and on the 23d rain fell the whole day till late at night." Under the heading, "Can we produce rain when and where we like?" the Cincinnati Wochentliche Volksblatt for the 10th of July, 1862, remarked: "The cannonading (during the war) on the York River and James River, as well as the cannonading of Corinth and on the Mississippi, were followed by such fearful storms that the land was inundated."

The Bohemian campaign of 1866 was accompanied during the whole course by violent rains. After the battle of Koeniggratz violent rain storms hindered the harvest from being properly gathered. The letters of the soldiers in the field in the present war are full of accounts of "sleeping on the wet ground," and complaints of the inclemency of the weather. The 5th of August following the battle of Wiessenburg, was intensely warm, as the writer of this can testify, as he waited at one of the Frankfort open depots for the arrival of the first batch of captured Frenchmen. The night of the 6th was rainy, and the morning following the battle of Woerth, when the telegrams of victory came, found the streets full of waterpools and the sky overcast with gray, heavy clouds. Since then we have not had six fine cloudless days. "From the 6th to the 31st of August," says the Illustrirte Zietung, "it rained every day, often accompanied by thunder, and these continuous and violent rains have caused great damage in those districts where harvest was not in before the 6th; the corn has been washed out, the straw has been rotted, and the crops have no more value."

The bombardment of Strasbourg is accompanied by the grandest meteorological spectacles. The thunder of the cannon, the blazing of the houses, and the curve fires of the shells are often intermingled with the roar of thunder and the flashing of lightning. The storms seem to come from the Vosges, to break over the doomed city, and then spread over the valley from the Rhine to the Schwarzwald, where the grass and trees are almost as green as in spring; and it is well known that when the war was declared Baden, Alsace and France were suffering from drought. Great rains fell in Hungary on the 15th of August, the day after the first battle around Metz. In Germany the grapes will be spoiled unless the sun shines with its usual power. We are inclined to think that the storms here are caused by the firing in Alsace, and up to a week ago by the bombardment of Strasbourg. For the past three or four days finer weather has set in, and it is a fact that the firing at Strasbourg is no longer carried on so strongly, the King having sent orders that the city should now be spared as much as possible from shells. We have had thunder storms here which surpassed in grandeur and power everything in the experience of the "oldest inhabitants."

### Eating too Little.

*Eat food enough to give the stomach work to do.* Many men and women eat too much, as we all know. But there are those also who eat too little, and not a few of them, either. College students, boarding themselves, housekeepers in straitened circumstances, dyspeptics, dreading the pains that follow digestion, often starve themselves. Taking the community through, men and women, old and young, it is probable that quite as many suffer from insufficient food, from the cravings of unsatisfied digestion, as from repletion. While some laborers go to rest "crammed with distressful bread," many who work hard with the brain or the needle, feel, when they lie down the gnawings of wretched hunger. Plenty of food is a first requisite for a healthy stomach.

☞ What is it you must keep after giving it to another?—Your word.

### GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

"Dood-for-nossin 'ittle son,
Papa tells me; jes for fun,
I duess—for ma, oo say
I dood for sumain all ee day."
And so you are, my precious one,
Full of mischief, love and fun;
Good to fill our hearts with joy,
Our darling little blue-eyed boy!
Good to clutter up the room;
Good to ride astride the broom:
Good to tip my basket o'er,
Rolling spools about the floor;
Good to pull the baby's hair,
And make a horse of every chair;
Good to tumble on the floor,
And shut poor fingers in the door;
Good to wear out little shoes,
And mamma's wax and thimble lose;
Good "dear danpa's" specs to hide,
And on his foot to "take a yide;"
Good when let out doors to play,
To ope the gate and run away;
Good to watch for "papa tum,"
And clap wee hands when he gets home.
Good to climb upon his knee,
And laugh and shout with boyish glee;
Good when wearied out with play,
Your head on mamma's lap to lay,
Quite ready now to be undressed,
And in her arms be lulled to rest
By stories which you like so well,
Of "Jack and Gill" and "Ding-dong-bell;"
Good, ere cuddling down to sleep,
To pray the Lord your soul to keep;
Good to wake up with the day,
And fold your little hands and say:
"Dear Dod, do bess my dear mamma,
My baby sister, and papa,
And 'ittle Willie, too, I pway,
And teep us safe troo-out ee day."
Ah! good for many things thou art,
Our bonny boy with blithesome heart,
Our boy with many a winsome way,
Mishap and prank and merry play;
Our "dood-for-nossin 'ittle son,"
As papa calls you, "jes for fun."

### Migratory Husbands.

BY SUSAN SNAPP.

I never had one of them, thank heaven, but I know they must be dreadful—these heads of families who are forever popping up in new localities, with a "Lo! I'll build here. Here's a rising bit of property!" or, "This old cottage I'll renovate—clap on a wing and a piazza, live in it six months, and sell out at a bargain." Then those husbands who are forever shifting their business from place to place—now to a village—now to a city—now to the backwoods: a delightful time must their wives have of it! Never mind how faithful, devoted, and enterprising a woman may be, it's a great trial for her to be continually pulling up stakes, and tearing away home-tendrils, even if her migratory spouse is in other respects the best in the world. I'd like to see the person who told me that I wouldn't go with John if he decided to set up a soda fountain in the desert of Sahara. No. I'd go; but I'd suffer in the going, though I told my woes not even to old Cheops himself. But what if, instead of one grand move, he flitted about like a grasshopper? What if he tried Bloomfield, and Flatbush, and Woodside, and Harlem, and a dozen other places, from the coming of the first nursery tooth to the going away of the last nursery measles? What if he dipped the children into twenty schools, filled every April air with mournful farewells to all our neighbors, and kept the parlor carpets in a perpetual spasm of contraction and expansion? Would I be the blessed, happy woman that I am? Wouldn't I be thin, weary and heart-sore, and the children, morally, just little waifs made of the shreds and patches of many villages? Certainly. Established similes are all very well; but your oaks don't hop about. They stand still and give the clinging vines a chance to take root beside them.

Only yesterday, while shopping in town, I chanced to find myself in a street car beside a man and a stout woman engaged in earnest conversation. His was a thin, flushed face, with restless eyes, and lips that asked "Why?" "Who?" "Where?" even when they were silent. Her's was soft, flashy, massive, and its little eyes were full of temporary affability and interest. He evidently was speaking of some recent bereavement, while the lady leaning toward him wore a sort of wash of deep feeling which was "not a dye," though it gave her a hue of sympathy quite proper in a street car. Presently I caught the words:

"She was indeed. You lost a treasure when you lost *her.*"

"Yes, and a wonderful creature for moving about," pursued the man with deep feeling.

"It didn't make any difference—you could take that woman and *set her down anywhere!*"

His eyes filled with tears, and I looked out of the window—sorry for his sake, but glad that the angels had taken at least one poor woman away from a migratory husband.

The country abounds with these naturalized Bedouins. I say nothing against men who go North, South, East or West, and settle. They are the nerves of the body politic, and indispensable to our new civilization. But I do feel impelled to quote mother's favorite expression, and whisper to hundreds of men almost within hearing distance at this moment: "Do stay put." For the sake of wives, home, children, yourselves, take root somewhere. Help to build up in America the beautiful homestead feeling common to Europeans and almost unknown to us. Let your very saplings understand that in time they are to shade your great-great-grand children.

### Flowers.

Botanists term a bright, blue-eyed flower "Forget-me-not," but every heart has its own "Forget-me-not." To the cold, weary-hearted statesman, who has climbed fame's dizzy height, the simple white rose recalls the bush that grew by his father's door, and his heart feels the old thrill, as he remembers the bud that he culled and fastened in Jessie's curls. Some of the greatest minds of earth have felt the influence of these memory keys. Napoleon often spoke tenderly of his father's garden in Corsica. The Median Queen of Nebuchadnezzar pined so sadly for the hills and flowers of her childhood's home, that the hanging gardens of Babylon were reared to comfort her. A geranium always bloomed in the library of the great statesman, Fox; it had been his mother's favorite flower. Pope, when almost crazed by the keen shafts of Lady Mary and Lord Hervey, would retire to his seat near a violet bed. When a loved and loving child, one corner in his tiny garden was appropriated to violets. *Old Guard.*

## A Singular Dream.

The following case, in which a dream—in other respects highly remarkable—occurred twice on the same night, came under the notice of the writer of this article when he was practicing in London in the year 1848. Our older readers may recollect that, in the year just recorded, there was a terrible case of murder in America, Dr. Webster, Professor of Chemistry in Harvard College, being convicted for the murder of his acquaintance—we can hardly say his friend—Dr. Parkman. A lady—we will call her X. Y.—well known in the literary world, and then residing in London, had, some years previously, paid a long visit to the United States, during which she became intimately acquainted with Dr. Webster and his family, who showed her much kindness and attention. After her return to England, she continued to correspond with the family; and one day, in the early autumn of 1848, a gentleman related to Dr. Parkman called upon her with an introduction from Professor Webster. On that night she went to bed at her usual hour, but soon experienced a horrible dream. She fancied that she was being urged by Dr. Webster to assist him in concealing a set of human bones in a wooden box; and she distinctly recollected that there was a thigh bone which, after failing to break it in pieces, they vainly attempted to insert, but it was too long. While they were trying to hide the box—as she fancied, under her bed—she woke in a state of terror and cold perspiration. She instantly struck a light, and tried to dispel the recollection of her horrible vision by reading. After a lapse of two hours, during which she had determinedly fixed her attention on the book, she put out the light, and soon fell asleep. The same dream again occurred; after which she did not dare—although a woman of singular moral and physical courage—to attempt to sleep any more that night. Early on the following morning she called upon the writer, and told him of her fearful experiences of the past night. Nothing more at the time was thought of those dreams; but shortly afterwards the news reached England that Dr. Parkman was missing; that the last time he was seen alive he was entering the college gates; and that the janitor was suspected of having murdered him.

On the writer mentioning this to X. Y., she at once exclaimed, "O, my dreams! Dr. Webster must be the murderer!" The next mail but one brought the news that the true murderer had been detected; and that, at the very time when X. Y.'s dream occurred, he must have been actually struggling to get the bones—the flesh having been previously burnt—into a wooden box such as she had seen; and that after attempting in vain to break the thigh bones, he had hidden them elsewhere.

In this remarkable case, the visitor's call, and his conversation regarding their mutual friend, may have suggested to the mind of X. Y. the idea of Dr. Webster; but why it should have called him up to her mind as engaged in that singular manner, we admit that we cannot explain, as he had not seen her for some years. It is in the highest degree improbable that, when engaged in this horrible attempt to conceal the evidence of his guilt, he should have been specially thinking of X. Y.; otherwise we might have explained the dream according to the "Brain-wave Theory" propounded in the Spectator for January 30, 1869. It is possible, but highly improbable, that the idea of the bones might have been called up by the circumstance that X. Y. had recently been occupied in compiling a popular course of lectures on anatomy and physiology for a country physician; and we cannot regard her case as upsetting the theory we have propounded; that dreams must be due either to impressions made upon the mind at some previous period, or that they are produced during sleep by bodily sensations.—*London Once a Week.*

### Thought.

In educating the mind our first duty should be to teach it to think, so that all its powers can be concentrated upon a single point without painful effort. When Sir Isaac Newton was asked how he made such vast discoveries in the various departments of science, he replied, "By thinking." The world in looking at the results he effected forgot the weary days and nights spent in patient thought by which those magnificent theories, the wonder of the present day, were brought forth. In early years he learned to think, and as thought generates thought, and the mind of man is capable of almost infinite expansion, he went on step by step in the labyrinths of science till death put an end to his labors.

The want of earnest thought receives a daily illustration in the institutions of learning all over our land. The brains of the students are crammed with an immense mass of rubbish collected from other minds, and with this insubstantial repast they are compelled to be satisfied. Not once are they taught to descend into the caverns of thought and gather bright jewels for themselves. There are, however, notable exceptions in this general laxity of discipline, and the light they shed forth shines with a double brilliancy.

### Charity.

Why then, my brethren, must we be handling terrors which it is not ours to distribute, and sending forth into the dark those fearful guesses at judgment? Why must our feeble hand be playing with the lightning, and letting loose the hurricane? Rather let us imitate God. Does He brand the heretic with His curse? Does He pour the elements in fury around His dwelling? Does He set a mark on him, that any one finding him may slay him? See, the sunshine still smiles upon his roof; the shower still refreshes his field; the charities and hopes of life are still poured upon his heart. And cannot we cheer with our human love the creatures whom our Father disdaineth not to bless? Are we so sinless as to stand apart in our holiness from the being with whom the Majesty of Heaven can condescend to dwell, whom Infinite Purity stoops to cherish? At least let us wait for the disclosure of those secret counsels which we dare to scan. It will be time enough to hate when God condemns, to shun when God driveth away. Be assured, my brethren, no soul ever perished for too much charity. —*Rev. James Martineau.*

☞ BACHELOR FREEDOM.—"Bachelors," says Josh Billings, "are always a braggin of their freedom! Freedom to darn their own stockings and poultice their own shins. I had rather be a widower once in two years, regler, than to be a grunting, old, hair-dyed bachelor only ninety days."

### WITH A ROSE IN HER HAIR.

My own, it is time you were coming,
For the ball-room is flooded with light,
And the leader impatiently humming
The *calre* they begin with to-night!
But the music, the flowers, and the lustre
Lack completeness when you are not there,
So hasten to join Beauty's muster
With a rose in your hair.

'Twas thus I first saw you, my own one!
As adown the long terrace you paced,
You had plucked the white rose—a full-blown one—
Which amid your dark tresses was placed.
Then my heart blossomed forth like the flower,
To see you so young and so fair,
As you stood in the shade of the tower
With a rose in your hair.

And for aye, since that moment enchanted,
My life, both in sun and in storm,
In sorrow and joy, has been haunted
By an angel in feminine form.
Yet I can't—though 'tis constantly nigh me—
Describe all its loveliness rare;
But I know this—it always floats by me
With a rose in its hair.

And then you remember—(come nearer,
A word in that ear—like a shell!—)
When you whispered me none could be dearer
Than one—but his name I'll not tell.
Ah! your hair—of its flower who bereft it?
For you had none, I vow and declare,
On regaining the house; though you left it
With a rose in your hair.

But why waste we moments of pleasure?
Hark! the music invites us above:
Soon our feet shall beat time to the measure,
As our hearts beat the measure of love.
Come, queen of the poet's rich fancies—
My queen, with whom none may compare,
Come and glide in your grace through the dances
With a rose in your hair.

## BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

### CHAPTER XL.

COMING VERY NEAR.

It is not all at once that rumors of this grave character come to a climax. Time must be allowed them to grow and settle. It came at length, however, here. The doubts ripened to convictions; the semi-suppressed breathings widened into broad assertions: Oliver Rane had certainly murdered his wife for the sake of getting the Tontine money. People affirmed it one to another as they met in the street: that is (throwing the onus off themselves) said that others affirmed it. Old Phillis heard it one day, and nearly fell down in a fit. She did not altogether believe it; but nevertheless from that time she could not speak to her master without visibly shaking. The doctor thought she must be suffering from an incipient palsy. At length it penetrated to Dallory Hall, to the ears of Madam: and upon Madam it produced an extraordinary effect.

It has been stated throughout that Madam had conceived a violent dislike to Dr. Rane: or at least that she persistently acted against him in a manner that gave the impression that she had. As if she had only waited for this rumor to accuse him of something tangible, Madam took it up and made the cause her own. She never appeared to question the truth of the report, or to inquire what its grounds might be; she drove about, almost like a mad woman, here, there and everywhere; unequivocally asserting that Bessy Rane had been poisoned and that her husband, Oliver Rane had done the deed.

In good truth Mrs. North had been, if not mad, in a state of inward ferment for some short while past: ever since she had become cognizant of the expected return to England of Mr. Adair. Why she should dread this, and why it should excite her—and she did dread it and it did excite her in no measured degree—she alone knew. Nobody around her had the least idea that the coming home of Mr. Adair would be more to her than the arrival of any stranger might be. Restless, nervous, anxious, with an evil and crafty look in her eyes, with ears that were ever open, with hands that could not be still, waited Madam. The household saw nothing—only that her tyranny became more unbearable every day.

It almost seemed as if she seized upon the whispered accusation of Dr. Rane as a vent for some of her uneasiness, on this other score to exercise itself upon. He must be brought to the Bar of Justice to answer for his crime, avowed Madam. She drove to the houses of the different county magistrates, urging this view upon them; she besieged the county coroner in his office and bade him get the necessary authority and issue his orders for the exhumation of the body.

The coroner was Mr. Dale. There had recently been a sharp contest for the coronership (which had become vacant) between a doctor and a lawyer: the latter was Dale of Whitborough, and he had gained the day. To say that Madam, swooping down upon him with this command, startled him considerably, would be saying little, as describing his state of astonishment. Occupied very much just now with the proceedings attaching to his new honor, and the accounts it personally involved him in (which he made many a wry face over) Lawyer Dale had found less time for gossiping about his neighbors' affairs than usual; and not a syllable of the flying rumor had reached him. So little did he at first believe it, and so badly did he think of Madam for the part she was playing, that had she been a man he would have given her the lie direct. But she was persistent: repeating over and over to him the charge in the most obnoxious and least delicate manner possible: Oliver Rane had poisoned his wife during her attack of fever; and he had done it to get the Tontine money. She went over the grounds for suspicion, dwelling on them one by one; and perhaps the lawyer's belief in Dr. Rane's innocence was just a trifle shaken—which he did not acknowledge. After some sparring between them—Mr. Dale holding back from interference, she pressing it on—the coroner was obliged to admit that if a demand for an inquest were formally made to him, he should have no resource but to call one. Finally he undertook to institute some private inquiries into the matter and see whether there were grounds to justify so extreme a course. Madam sharply replied that if there were the smallest disposition to stifle the inquiry, she should at once cause the Secretary of State to be communicated with. And with that, she swept down to her carriage.

Perhaps, of all classes of men living, lawyers are most brought into contact with the crimes and follies committed by the human race. Mr. Dale had not been at all scrupulous as to what he undertook; and many kinds of curious matters had come under his experience. Leaning back in his chair after Madam's visit, revolving this point of the story, revolving that, his opinion changed, and he came to the conclusion that, on the face of things, it did look very much as though Dr. Rane had been guilty. Lawyer Dale had no cause to wish the doctor harm, especially the awful harm a public investigation might entail: had the choice lain with him he would have remained quiescent, and consigned the doctor to his conscience. But he saw clearly that Mrs. North would not suffer this to be, and that it was more than probable he would have to act.

The first move he made in his undertaking to institute some private inquiry, was to seek an interview with Mr. Seeley. He went himself: the matter was of too delicate a nature to be confided to a clerk. In his questions he was reticent, after the cautious custom of a man of law, giving no clue and intending to give none as to why he put them: but Mr. Seeley had heard of the rumored accusation, and spoke out freely.

"I confess that I could not quite understand the death," he avowed; "but I do not suspect that Dr. Rane or any one else had any hand in it. She died naturally, as I believe. Mr. Dale, this is a horrible thing for you to bring against it."

"*I* bring it!" cried Mr. Dale. "I don't bring it. I'd rather let the doubt lie and die out. It is forced upon me."

"Who by? These confounded rumors."

"By Mrs. North."

"Mrs. North!" echoed the surgeon in surprise. "You don't mean to say the North family are taking it up."

"I don't know about the family. Madam is; and with a vengeance. She won't let it drop. There is an evident animus in her mind against Dr. Rane, and she means to pursue the charge to its last extremity."

Mr. Seeley felt vexed to hear it. When these rare and grave charges are brought against one of the medical body, the rest, as a rule, would rather resent it than entertain it. And, besides, the surgeon liked Dr. Rane.

"Come; you may as well tell me the truth," cried the lawyer, breaking the silence. "You'll have to do it publicly, I fancy."

"Mr. Dale," was the answer, "I have told you the truth according to my belief. Never a suspicion of foul play crossed my mind in regard to Mrs. Rane's death. I saw nothing to give rise to it."

"You did not see her after she died; nor for some hours before it."

"No."

"You think she went off naturally."

"Most certainly I think she did."

"But look here—we lawyers have to probe opinions, you know, so excuse me. If you were to find it proved that she went off in—in a different way, you'd not be surprised, eh, Seeley?"

"I shall be very much surprised."

"Hang it, man, don't you know what I mean? You would not be able, from your recollection of the facts attending the case, to confute it, or to bring forward a single confronting proof to say she did not?"

"Well, no, I should not me able."

"There's the difficulty, you see," resumed the lawyer; there's where it will lie. You believe him innocent; but nobody possesses positive proofs of it to bring forward that might serve to stop the inquiry. It will have to go on, as sure as a gun."

"Cannot *you* stop it, Mr. Dale?"

"I'll promise you this: that I'll put as many impediments in the way of it as I can. But, once I am called upon publicly to act—my own power to delay, will be over."

That was the end of the interview. It had a little strengthened the lawyer's doubts if anything. Mr. Seeley had not seen her after death. What he was going to do next, Mr. Dale did not say.

By the day following this, perhaps the only two people accustomed to walk up and down the streets of Dallory, who still remained in blissful ignorance of the trouble afloat, were Dr. Rane himself and Richard North. Nobody had dared to mention it to *them*. Richard, however, was soon to be enlightened.

Business took him to his bankers in Whitborough. It was of a private nature, requiring to be transacted between himself and one of the old brothers at the head of the firm. After it was over, they began talking a little about general things, and Richard asked incidentally whether much further delay would take place in paying the Tontine money to Dr. Rane.

"I am not sure that we shall be able to pay it to him at all," replied Sir Thomas Ticknell.

"Why not?" asked Richard, in surprise.

"For answer, the old gentleman looked significantly at Richard for a short space of time, and then demanded whether he was still in ignorance of what had become the chief public topic.

Bit by bit, it all came out. The Brothers Ticknell, it appeared, had heard the report quite at the first. There are never wanting kind friends to do a fellow man an injury when they can; and somebody had hastened to the bankers with the news. Richard North sat aghast as he listened. His sister was supposed to have come by her death unfairly! For once in his life he changed to the hue of a sick man, and his strong frame trembled. Sir Thomas made him drink a glass of old wine.

"We hear the new coroner, Dale, has got it in hand now," remarked Sir Thomas. "I suppose there'll be a fine public scandal."

Recovering in some degree the shock, Richard North took his departure, and went over to Dale's, whose office was nearly opposite. The lawyer was there, and made no scruple of disclosing what he knew to Richard.

"It's a pity that I've got to take the matter up," said Dale. "Considering the uncertainty at present attending it—that the doctor may be innocent—considering also that it cannot bring the dead to life, and that it will be a most painful thing for old Mr. North—and for you too, Mr. Richard, I think it would be as well to let it alone."

"But, who is stirring in it?" asked Richard.

"Madam."

"Madam! Do you mean Mrs. North?"

"To be sure I do. I don't say but what public commotion and officious people would soon have brought it to the same issue; but, anyway, Mrs. North has forestalled them." And he told Richard of Madam's visit to him.

"You say you have been making some private inquiries," observed Richard.

Mr. Dale nodded.

"And what is your candid opinion? Tell it me, Dale."

But the lawyer hesitated to say to him, I think Dr. Rane may have been guilty. Hesitated not only because it was an unpleasant assertion to make to Dr. Rane's brother-in-law, but also because he really had doubts whether it was so or not.

"I hold no decided opinion as yet," he said: "I do not suppose I shall be able to form one until the postmortem examination has taken place—"

"You do not mean to say that they will—that they will disturb my sister?" interrupted Richard North, his eyes full of horror.

"Why that's the first thing they will do—if the investigation goes on at all," cried the lawyer. "That's always the preliminary step. You are forgetting."

"I suppose I am," groaned Richard. "This has been a great shock to me. Dale, you cannot believe him guilty."

"Well, I can't tell; and that's the fact," candidly avowed the lawyer. "There are certainly some suspicious circumstances attending the case: but, at the same time they are only such that Dr. Rane may be able to explain satisfactorily away."

"How have the doubts arisen?" questioned Richard. "There were none—I suppose—at the time."

"So far as I can at present ascertain they have sprung from some words incautiously dropped by Fanny Jelly, the late Mrs. Cumberland's maid. Whether Jelly saw anything at the time of Mrs. Rane's illness to give rise to suspicion, I don't know. I have not yet got to see her. It is necessary to go about the business cautiously, Mr. Richard North, and Jelly I expect will be no willing witness."

"Did Madam tell you this arose from Jelly?"

"Oh, dear no. Madam does not concern herself as to whence the suspicions came; she says to me there they are, and you must deal with them. I got the information from my clerk, Timothy Wilks. In striving to trace the rumors back to their source, I traced them to him. Carpeting him here before me in this room, I insisted upon his telling me whence he obtained them. He answered me readily enough—from Jelly. It seems Jelly was spending an evening at his aunt's, or cousin's, or grandmother's, whatever it is— I mean the wife of your time-keeper, Mr. Richard North. Wilks was present; only those three; the conversation turned upon Mrs. Rane's death, and Jelly said a few words that startled them. I quite believe that was the commencing link of the scandal."

"What can Jelly know?" exclaimed Richard dreamily.

"I can't tell. The report is, that Mrs. Rane had something wrong given her by her husband the last day of her life; and that his object was to get the Tontine money—which he could not touch while she lived. A curious thing that the husband and wife should be the two last left in that Tontine!" added the lawyer. "I've said so often."

"But, even—" Richard stopped from pain—"if this had been so, how could Jelly have learnt it?"

"Well, things come out in strange ways sometimes; especially if they are things that ought not to see the light. I've noticed it. Jelly's mistress was away, and she may have gone in to help nurse Mrs. Rane in her illness; we don't yet know how it was."

Richard North rose to depart. "At any rate I do not see that it was Madam's place to take it up and urge on an inquiry," he remarked. "She should have left that to the discretion of my father and myself."

"She was in a regular fever over it," cried Mr. Dale. "She talked of sending an application to the Secretary of State. I shouldn't wonder but what it is already gone up."

From the lawyer's house, Richard went direct to that of the late Mrs. Cumberland's. The dusk of evening was then drawing on. As he reached the door, Miss Beverage in her Quaker bonnet of dove-colored silk approached it from an opposite direction. Raising his hat, he asked whether he could be allowed a five minute's interview with Jelly. Miss Beverage, who knew Richard by sight, was very chatty and pleasant; she took him into the drawing-room, and sent Jelly to him. And Jelly felt half inclined to faint as she shut the door, for she well knew what must be coming.

But, after some fencing with Richard's questions, Jelly gave in. He was resolute in requiring to hear all she could tell, and at length she made a clean breast of it. She related what she knew, and what she suspected, from beginning to end; and before she had finished, a strangely soothing relief, that Richard should know it, grew up within her.

"For I shall think that the responsibility is now taken off my shoulders," she said. "And perhaps it has been nothing but this, that ill-fated lady has wanted me to do, in coming again."

In all the tale, the part that most struck Richard North, was Jelly's positive and clear assertion that she had since twice seen Mrs. Rane. He was simply astounded. And, to tell the truth, he did not seek to cast ridicule or disbelief on it. Richard North was an educated, and practical man of plain common sense, with no more tendency to believe in supernatural appearances than are such men in general; but his mind had been so unhinged since the interview with Sir Thomas Ticknell, that he almost felt inclined to admit the possibility of his sister's not resting in her grave.

He sat with his head leaning on his hand. Collecting in some degree his half-shattered senses, he strove to go over dispassionately the grounds of suspicion. But he could make nothing more of them than Dale had said. Grounds for it there certainly were, but none but what Dr. Rane might be able to explain away. Jelly drew her own deductions and called them proofs; but Richard saw that of proofs as yet there were none.

"I've lived in mortal horror ever since that first night of seeing it again," said Jelly, interrupting his revery. "Nobody can imagine, sir, what a dreadful time it has been. And when I was least thinking of it, it came the second time."

"To whom have you repeated this story of having seen her?" asked Richard.

"The first time I told Dr. Rane and Mrs. Gass. This last time I told the doctor and Mr. Seeley."

"Jelly," said Richard quietly, "there is no proof that anything was wrong. Except in your fancy."

"And the hasty manner that she was hid out of the way, sir—no woman called in to do anything for her; no soul allowed to see her!" urged Jelly. "If it wanted proof positive before, it can't be thought to want it since what Thomas Hepburn related to me."

"All that may have been done out of regard to the welfare of the living," said Richard.

Jelly gave a disbelieving sniff. To her mind it was clearer than daylight.

But at this juncture, a servant came in to know if she should bring lights. Richard took the opportunity to depart. Of what use to prolong his stay? As he went out he saw Mr. Seeley standing at his door. Richard crossed over and asked to speak with him: he knew of Dale's interview with the surgeon.

"Can Rane have been guilty of this thing or not?" questioned Richard when they were alone together.

But, no. Not even here could Richard get at any decisive opinion. It might have been so, or it might not, Seeley replied. For himself, he was inclined to think it was *not;* that Mrs. Rane's death was natural.

Leaving again, Richard paced up and down the dark road. His mind was in a tumult. He, with Seeley, could not think Dr. Rane was guilty. And, even though he were, he began to question whether it would not be better for his father's sake, for all their sakes, to let the matter lie. Richard, pursuing his natural bias, put the two aspects together; and compared them. On the one side there would be the merited punishment of Oliver Rane and vengeance on Bessy's wrongs; the other would bring a terrible amount of pain, of exposure, almost of disgrace. And Richard truly feared for the effect it might have on Mr. North. Before his walk was over, he decided that it would be infinitely best to hush the scandal up, should that be still possible.

But, for his own satisfaction, he wished to get at the truth. It seemed to him that he could hardly live in the uncertainty. Taking a rapid resolution, he approached Dr. Rane's, knocked at the door, and asked old Phillis if he could see her master.

She at once showed him into the dining-room. Dr. Rane, weary perhaps with the cares of the day, had fallen back in his chair asleep. He sprung up at the interruption, and a startled, almost frightened expression appeared in his face. Richard North could not but notice it, and his heart failed him, for it seemed to speak of guilt. Phillis shut them in together.

How Richard opened the interview, he scarcely knew, and could never afterwards recall. He soon found that Dr. Rane remained as yet in total ignorance of the stir that was abroad; and this rendered his task all the more difficult. Richard made him the communication in the most delicate manner that the subject admitted of. Dr. Rane did not receive it kindly. He first swore a great oath, and then—his fury checked suddenly in its midst as if by some latent thought or fear—he sank back in his chair and bent his head on his breast, like a man struck dumb with tribulation.

"I think *you* need not have given credit to this against me, Richard North," he presently spoke in a reproachful accent. "But I believe you lost confidence in me more than a year ago."

He so evidently alluded to the anonymous letter that Richard did not affect to misunderstand him. It might be better to speak openly.

"I believe you wrote that letter, Rane."

"True, I did. But not to injure your brother. I thought Alexander must be a bad man—that he must be leading Edmund North into money difficulties to serve himself. I had no cause to spare him, but the contrary, for he had injured me, was injuring me daily; and I wrote what I did to Mr. North hoping it might expose Alexander and damage him. There: you have it. I would rather have had my hand cut off"—flinging it out with emotion—"than have hurt your brother. I wished afterwards that it had been cut off first. But it was too late then."

And because of that anonymous letter Dr. Rane knew, and Richard felt, that the accusation now made, gathered weight from it. When a man has been guilty of one thing, we think it a reason why he may be guilty of another.

A silence ensued, and they sat there, the table between them. The room was rather dark. The lamp had a shade on it, the fire had burned low; before the large window were stretched the sombre curtains. Richard North would have given some years of his life for this most distressing business never to have come into it.

He went on with what he had to say. Dr. Rane motionless now, kept his hand over his face while he listened. Richard told of the public commotion, of the unparalleled shock he feared it might bring his father. Again there was an interruption: but Dr. Rane in speaking did not raise his voice.

"Is my personal liberty in danger?"

"Not yet—in one sense. I believe you are under the surveillance of the police."

"Watched by them?"

"Yes. But only to see that you do not get away."

"That is—they track me out and home, I am to understand. I am watched in and out of my patients' houses: if I have occasion to pay country visits, these stealthy blood-hounds are at my heels night or day?"

"I conclude it is so," answered Richard.

"Since when has this been?"

"Since—I think since the day before yesterday. There is a probability, as I hear, that the Secretary of State will be applied to, If—"

"For what purpose?"

"For his authority to disturb the grave," said Richard in a low tone.

Dr. Rane started up in a frenzy of fear apparent in his face.

"They—they— Surely they are not talking of doing *that?*" he cried, turning white.

"Yes, they are. To have her disturbed will be to us the most painful of all."

"Stop it, for the Lord's sake!" came the imploring cry. "Stop it, Richard North! Stop it."

But at that moment there burst upon their ears a frightful clatter outside the door. Richard opened it. Dr. Rane, who had sunk on his seat again, never stirred. Old Phillis, coming in from the scullery from a cleaning bout, had accidentally let fall nearly a small cart load of pots and pans.

### CHAPTER XLI.

EST U QU'IL M' AIME.

The wintry weather had set in again; the past few days had been intensely cold and bleak. Ellen Adair sat in one of her favorite out-door seats, well-sheltered from the wind by artificial rocks and clustering evergreens, and well wrapped-up, besides, she did not seem to feel the frost.

Her later days had been one long great trial. Compelled to meet Arthur Bohun

perpetually, yet shunned by him as far as it was possible for him to shun her without attracting too much the observation of others, there were times when she felt as though her position at the Hall were killing her. Something, in fact, *was* killing her. Her state of mind was a mixture of despair, shame, and self-reproach. Captain Bohun's conduct brought to her the bitterest humiliation. Looking back on the past, she thought he despised her for her ready acquiescence in that wish of his for a private marriage: and the self-repentance, the humiliation it entailed on her was of all things the hardest to bear. She almost felt that she could die of the memory—just as other poor creatures, whose sin has been different, have died of their shame. To her mistaken vision, it seemed as though the wrong deed she had consented to—the secret marriage—were quite as much of a shame if not of a sin. The view presented perpetually to her mind was, that Captain Bohun so regarded it; and had nothing for her but scorn. This was the thought that tried her, that embittered her peace by night and by day; it was doing her more harm than all the rest. Her cheeks would redden, her fingers tingle with shame as she recalled that fond letter she had written to him from Eastsea, when even then, though she did not know it, he had given her up. To one so sensitively organized as Ellen Adair, reared in all the graces of reticent and refined feeling, this compelled sojourn at Dallory Hall could indeed be nothing less than a fiery ordeal, from which there might be no escape to former health and strength.

Very still she sat to-day, nursing her pain. Her face was wan, her breathing short: that past cold she had caught seemed to hang by her strangely. No further news had been received from Mr. Adair, and Ellen supposed he was on his way home. After to-day, her position would not be quite so trying, for Arthur Bohun was quitting Dallory. Sir Nash had decided that he was strong enough now to travel, and they were to depart together at two o'clock. It was past twelve now. And so the sunshine of Ellen Adair's life had gone out. Never, as she believed, would a gleam come into it again.

In spite of the commotion beyond the walls of the Hall, now increasing daily and hourly to a climax, in spite of Madam's never-resting personal exertions to urge it on, and so crush Oliver Rane, no word of the dreadful accusation had as yet transpired within to its chief inmates. Mr. North, his daughter Matilda, Ellen Adair, Sir Nash Bohun, and Arthur were all alike in ignorance. The servants of course knew of it, going out to Dallory, as they often did: but Madam had issued her sharp order to them to hold their tongues; and Richard had begged them not to speak of it for their master's sake. As to Sir Nash and Arthur Bohun, Richard was only too glad that they should depart without hearing the scandal.

He himself was doing all he could to stop proceedings and allay excitement. Since the night of his interview with Jelley, Mr. Seeley and Dr. Rane, Richard had devoted his best energies to the work of peace. He did not venture to see any official person, the coroner excepted, or impress his views on the magistrates; but he went about amid the populace, and poured oil on the troubled waters. For my father's sake, do not press this on, he said to them; let my sister's grave rest. "Just like Dick North," quoth they one to another, "he was always for peace." In effect he said the same to the coroner; begging of him, if possible, to stop it: and he implied to all, though not absolutely asserting it, that Dr. Rane could not be guilty. So that Ellen Adair sitting there, had not this knowledge to give her additional trouble.

A little blue leaf—as it looked—suddenly caught her eye, peeping up from a mossy and tangled green nook at the foot of the rocks. She rose, and stooped to see. It was a winter violet. Plucking it, she sat down again, and fell into thought.

For it had brought vividly before her memory that long-past day, when she had played out her play of violets in the garden of Mrs. Cumberland. "Est-u qu'il m'aime? Oui—Non-ha peu. Beaucoup. Pas du tout. Passionnerment. Il m'aime passionnement." False augurs, those flowers had been! Deceitful blossoms which had combined to mock and sting her. The contrast between that time and this brought to Ellen Adair a whole flood-tide of intense misery. And those foolish violets were hidden away still! Should she carry this in-doors and add it to them?

By-and-by she began to walk towards the house. Turning a corner presently, she was brought suddenly into the midst of three excited people—Captain Bohun, Miss Dallory, and Matilda North. The two former had met accidentally in the walk. Miss Dallory's morning errand at the Hall was to say good-by to Sir Nash—and before they had well exchanged greetings, Matilda bore down upon them in a state of agitation—calling wildly to Arthur to stay and hear the tidings she had just heard.

The tidings were those that had been so marvellously-long kept from her and from others at the Hall—the accusation of Dr. Rane. Matilda North had just learnt them in an accidental manner; in her horror and surprise, she had run after her half-brother Arthur, to repeat the story. Ellen Adair found her talking in wild excitement. Arthur, rather yellow still, was turning to a pale straw-color as he listened. Mary Dallory, to whom it was no news, had covered up her face.

But, if Arthur Bohun and Matilda North were strong enough to bear it without any very palpable effect, Ellen Adair was not. As she drank in the meaning of the dreadful words—that Bessy had been murdered—a deadly sickness seized upon her heart; and she had only time to sit down on a garden bench before she fainted away.

"You should not have told it so abruptly, Matilda," cried Arthur, almost passionately. It has made me feel ill. Get some water; you'll go quicker than I should."

Alarmed at Ellen's state, and eager to be of service, both Matilda and Miss Dallory ran in search of the water. Arthur Bohun sat down on the bench to support her. His path in life was to lie that way, and hers this, the further apart the better; but he could not in humanity—no, nor in love either—walk away now and leave her to recover alone as she best could.

Her head lay on his breast, as he placed it. She was entirely without consciousness; he saw that. His arm encircled her waist; he took one of her lifeless hands between his, to rub it. Thus he sat, gazing down at the pale, thin face so near to his; the face which he—he—had helped to rob of its bloom.

Oh, but he loved her still; loved her better than he did all the rest of the world put together! Holding her there to his beating heart, he knew it. He knew that he only loved her the more truly for the bitter estrangement. His frame was trembling—his pulses were thrilling with the rapture this momentary contact brought him. If he might but embrace her, as of old! Should he? Why not? No human soul, save himself, would ever know it. A strangely irrepressible yearning to touch her lips with his, came into his eyes and heart. Glancing keenly around first, lest any prying eyes should be in ambush, he slightly lifted the pale, sweet face, and bent down his own.

"Oh, my darling! My lost darling!"

Lips, cheeks, and brow, were kissed again and again, with a soft, impassioned tenderness, with a kind of hungry rapture. It was so long since he had touched them! Was he ever going to leave off? A sigh—more a little sound of irrepressible emotion; and he knew not whether it contained most of bliss or of agony.

This treatment was quite effective; more so than the water could have been. Ellen drew a deep breath, and stirred uneasily. When she began really to revive, he managed to get his coat off, and fold it across the back and arm of the bench. When Ellen revived to consciousness, she had her head leaning on it; and Captain Bohun stood at a very respectful distance, gingerly chafing one of her hands. Never a suspicion crossed her mind of what he had been doing.

"You are better," he said. "I am so glad."

The words, in *his* voice, aroused her fully. She lifted her head and opened her eyes, and gazed around her in bewilderment, at first remembering nothing. But what Matilda had said, came suddenly back with a rush.

"Is it true?" she exclaimed, looking piteously at him. "It never can be true!"

"I don't know," he answered. "If false, it is almost as dreadful to us who hear it. Poor Bessy! I loved her as my very dear sister."

Ellen, exhausted by the fainting fit, her nerves unstrung by the news, burst into a flood of distressing tears. Matilda and Miss Dallory, running up with water, wine, and smelling-salts, found her sobbing aloud.

"It is the reaction after the faintness," said Captain Bohun to them in a whisper.

But she soon recovered her equanimity, so far as outward calmness went, without the aid of any of the remedies which she declined. Rising from the bench, she turned towards the house. Her steps tottered a little.

"Do give your arm to support Miss Adair, Captain Bohun," spoke Mary Dallory, in a sharp, quick tone—surprised, perhaps, that he did not. And upon that, Captain Bohun went to Ellen's side, and held it out.

"Thank you," she answered, and refused it with a slight movement of the head.

They walked on at first all in a group, as it were. But Matilda and Miss Dallory got on ahead—the former talking in a most excited state about Bessy Rane and the miserable accusation in regard to her. Ellen's steps were slower; she could not help it; and Captain Bohun kept by her side.

"May I wish you good-by here, Ellen?" he suddenly asked, stopping towards the end of the shrubbery, through which they had been passing.

"Good-by," she faintly answered.

He took her hand. That is, he held out his own, and Ellen almost mechanically put hers into it. To have made a to-do by refusing, would have hurt her pride worse than all. He kept it within his, clasping his other hand upon it. For a moment his eyes met hers.

"It may be that we shall never again cross each other's path in life, Ellen. God bless you, my love, and keep you always! I wish to Heaven, for both our sakes, that we had never met!"

"Good-by," she coldly repeated, as he dropped her hand. And they walked on in silence and gained the lawn, where the two in advance had turned to wait for them.

But this was destined to be an eventful day: to others, at least, if not to them. At the appointed time, Sir Nash Bohun and Arthur took their departure; Richard North, who had paid the baronet the attention of coming home to luncheon—for there was no concealment now as to who was the true host at Dallory Hall—seeing them into their carriage.

"You have promised to come and stay with me, Richard," said the baronet, at the last hand-shake.

"Conditionally. When my work shall allow me leisure," answered, Richard, laughing.

"Can't you go with us to the station, Dick?" put in Arthur.

"Not to-day, I fear. I must hold an immediate interview with Madam—something important. If you waited for me, you might lose the train."

Arthur brought his face—one of pain now—close to Dick's—

"Is it money-trouble again, Richard?"

"No; not this time."

"If she brings that on you in future, turn her over to me. Yes, Richard; I must deal with it now."

Farewells were exchanged, and the carriage drove away. Richard, stepping backwards, trod on Miss Dallory.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed. "Have I hurt you? I did not know you were there."

"Of course you have not hurt me: and I had no business to be there. I stood to wave my handkerchief to them. Good-afternoon, Mr. Richard."

"Are you going?" he asked.

"Yes. I am engaged to spend the afternoon and take tea with Mrs. Gass. That luncheon was my dinner. I saw you looking at me as if you thought I eat a great deal."

"Miss Dallory!"

She laughed slightly.

"To confess the truth, I don't think I noticed whether you eat anything or nothing," said Richard. "I have a great deal of trouble on my mind just now—of more kinds than one. Good afternoon."

He would be returning to Dallory himself in perhaps a few minutes, but he never said to her "Stay, and I will walk with you." Miss Dallory thought of it as she went away. It had indeed crossed Richard's mind to say so: but he arrested the words as they were about to leave his lips. If she were to be Arthur Bohun's wife, the less Richard saw of her the better.

Inquiring for Madam when he went in-doors, he found she was ensconced in her boudoir. Richard went up, knocked at the door, and opened it. Madam appeared not to approve of the proceedings; and she bore down on him with a swoop, and would have shut him out.

"What do you want here, Richard North? I am not at liberty. I cannot admit you."

"Pardon me, Madam, I must speak with you for five minutes," he answered, passing quietly in.

By something he had heard that morning from Dale, Richard had reason to suppose that Mrs. North was still actually pursuing the charge against Dr. Rane; that is, was urging in high quarters the imperative necessity for an investigation. Richard had come to ask her whether this was the case, and to beg her, once for all, to be still. He sat down uninvited while he put the question.

But Madam acknowledged nothing. In fact, she led him to believe that it was entirely untrue; that she had not stirred in it at all since the caution Richard had given her, not to, some days ago. It was simply impossible for him to know whether what she said might be depended on—for she told more falsehood than truth habitually. Richard could only hope.

"It would be a terrible exposure for us," he urged. "Madam, I beg you; I beg you, for all our sakes, be *still*. You know not what you would do."

She nodded an ungracious acquiescence, and Richard departed for his works, casually mentioning to Mr. North, as he passed him in the garden, that he should not be home until night. Like Miss Dallory, he had intended the mid-day meal to serve for his dinner.

"Dick," cried Mr. North, arresting him, "what's the matter with Matilda? She seems to be in a fine commotion over something or other."

Richard knew not what to answer. If his father had to be told, why better that he himself should be the teller. There was still a chance that it might be kept from him.

"Something or other gone wrong, I suppose, sir. Never mind. How well those new borders look!"

"Don't they, Dick! I'm glad I had them put."

And Richard went on to his works.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### A FINE NIGHT'S WORK.

Night had fallen. And it was not a bright or pleasant one.

Some few skulkers had gathered behind the dwarf hedge, that skirted the piece of waste land near the North Works. An ill-looking lot of men, seen as at present: for they had knelt down so as to bring themselves nearly on a level with the top of the hedge. Their eyes just cleared it, and the view beyond was not interrupted. Poole was in the middle; his face stormly savage, and a pistol in his right hand.

Of all the men who had returned to work, the most obnoxious to the ex-hands was one named Ralley. It was not so much because he had been a turn-coat—that is, after holding out to the eleventh moment, had finally gone back at the twelfth—that the men hated him, as because they believed him to be treacherous. Ralley had been red-hot for the strike; had done more by his agitation than any one man to bring it about. He had resolutely refused all the overtures made by Richard North: and yet—he had gone back when the works were finally re-opened. For this the men heartily despised him—far more than they did those who had been ready to go back all along. In addition to this, they had been suspecting—and lately had felt sure—that he was a snake in the grass. That he laid himself out to pick up, fairly or stealthily as might be, bits of information about them, their doings and sayings, their miserable condition, and threats of revenge, and carried them to the works and to Richard North. And so—the contents of this pistol that Poole held in his hand, were meant for Ralley.

For a long time the malcontents of North Inlet had been burning to take vengeance on somebody: some new treachery on Ralley's part, or suspected treachery, had come to light, and they determined to shoot *him*. Oh, poor misguided, foolish men! As if it would make things better for them! Suppose they killed Ralley, how would it ease their condition? Ralley had not suffered half what they suffered. He was an unmarried man; and, during the strike he had been helped by his relatives, who were pretty well off, so that he had known neither starvation nor rags as they had: and this made his returning to work look all the worse in their eyes. Ralley was about the age of Richard North, and not unlike him in height and figure: so much like him indeed that since their evil act had been determined on, one of the others had bade Poole take care he did not mistake the master for him. Poole's sullen rejoinder was that 'twould not much matter if he did.

The night was dark; a drizzling rain had come on, and that part was not too well lighted. The small band about to issue from the gates of the works, would come down by this waste land and pass within about fifteen yards of them. Poole had been a famous marksman in his day, and felt sure of his aim. John Allen knelt at his right hand, one Denton at the other; another beyond on either side; five in all.

Five o'clock struck. Almost simultaneously with it was heard the bell at the works, giving token that it was time for the men to go to tea. Three or four sharp, quick strokes: nothing more.

"That's Green, I'll swear," cried Denton, alluding to the ringer. "I didn't know he was back again: his rheumatics must be better."

"Hush-sh-sh!" was all Denton got. And there ensued a breath-like silence. Not for long. Poole broke it.

"Where the devil are they?—why don't they come?"

Ay, why did they not come? Simply because there had been scarcely sufficient time for it. But every moment to these would-be murderers, kneeling there, seemed like a long drawn-out period.

"Here they be," whispered Denton.

It was so. The men were coming out at the gate, about twenty of them; two and two; the policemen to-night heading the string. At times the officers were behind it, at other times on either side. Poole rose cautiously and prepared to take aim. They were coming across from the gates at a kind of right angle, and presently would pass the hedge, side-ways. This was the second night the men had thus lain in ambush: the previous one they had alike waited, but Ralley happened to be on the other side of his companion in the march, and so for the time was saved.

Allen stretched his head up. His sight was as keen as a sailor's.

"Which side's he on, Jack?" whispered Poole. "I don't see him yet."

For answer John Allen put his hand quickly on Poole's arm to lower the pistol.

"No good again, mates," said he, "Ralley ain't there."

"Not there!" retorted Poole with a vile oath.

"I'm as nigh sure as I can be of it," said Allen: "wait till they come nearer."

It was so. Ralley from some cause or other was not there.

"Drat him!" cried Denton furiously.

Tramp, tramp, tramp: their tread sounded regular in the stillness of the night, as they passed, the policemen throwing their eyes on all sides. Poole had crouched down again. He and his companions in evil kept very still; it would not do to let either movement be seen, or noise be heard.

The steps died away in the distance, and the conspirators ventured to raise their heads. Allen happened to look in the direction of the gates.

"By Jorkins here he is!" burst forth Allen almost with a scream. "Something kept him back. Now's our time, mates. Here's Ralley."

"That 'tain't his hat, Jack Allen," dissented one.

"Has he smothered! it's *him*," said John Allen.

Ralley was coming on very quickly, a dark, low-crowned hat drawn down on his brows. A moment's silence, during which you might have heard their hearts beat, and then—

Poole fired. Ralley gave a cry, staggered, and walked on. He was struck, no doubt, but not killed.

"Your boasted aim has failed, Poole," cried Denton with a savage oath.

Not more savage than Poole's though, as he burst through, or over the low hedge. What the bullet had not done, the pistol itself should. Suddenly, with a shriek and a cry Allen burst after him, shouting to him to stay his hand.

"It's the master, Poole, it's not Ralley. Stop, you fool! it's the master."

Too late. It was indeed Richard North. And Mr. Poole had felled him by a wicked blow on the temple.

Mrs. Gass and Mary Dallory were seated at tea in a very subdued mood—for conversation had turned on those dreadful rumors that, in spite of Richard North, could not be crushed, but on the contrary were growing worse hourly. Stoutly was Mrs. Gass asserting that she had more faith in Dr. Rane than to believe them, when some commotion dawned on their ears from the street. Mrs. Gass stopped short in the midst of a sentence.

"What's that?" she cried.

Fleet steps seemed to be running hither and thither, voices were raised in excitement. They distinctly heard the words "Mr. Richard." "Richard North." Mrs. Gass drew aside her crimson curtains, and opened the window.

"Here—is it you, Smith?" she said arresting a man who was running in the wake of others. "What is it? What's up?"

"I don't right know, ma'am," he answered. "They are saying that Mr. Richard North has been shot dead."

"Lord help us!" cried Mrs. Gass.

She shut down the window and brought her face round to the light again. Every bit of color had gone out of it. Mary Dallory stood rigidly upright, her hands clasped, still as one who had been turned into stone.

"Did you hear what he said, child?"

"I heard," was the scarcely spoken answer that the lips formed.

Mrs. Gass caught up a bonnet, which happened to lie on a chair, tilted it on her head, and went into the street. At the entrance to North Inlet a crowd was gathered, men and women. As in all such cases reports varied: some said it had taken place in the high road to Whitborough, some said at the works, some said near Dallory Hall; so the mob was puzzled which way to go and not miss the sight. Thomas was talking at the top of his voice as Mrs. Gass got up: anxious perhaps to disclaim complicity on his own score.

"They've had it in their heads to do it—some o' them bad nuns have. I could name names, but I won't. If the master had knowed all, he'd ha' went about in fear of his life this long while past."

This was enough for Mrs. Gass. Gathering her black silk skirts in her hands that they should not trail in the mud, her bonnet lodged sideways, and her face paler than the assembled mob had ever seen it, she stood unmindful of the rain, and told them what she thought.

"If you've shot Richard North, you have shot the best and bravest man you'll ever know in this life. You'll never find such a friend again. Oh, he was brave! Brave to do good in the midst o' difficulties, brave to forbear. Don't you boast, Thomas, with your glib tongue. None of you men round me now may be the one that's shot him, but you've been all rowing in the same boat. Yes, you have. You may'nt have planned out murder yourselves—I'd not answer for it that you've not—but, anyway, you knowed that others was a planning it, and you winked at it and held your tongues. Who has been the friend to you that Richard North has? Since you've been part starving, and your wives and children's been part starving, where has all the help come from, d'ye suppose, that has kept you from starving quite? Why, from him. The most of it has come from him. The money I gave was his; the things I brought was mostly paid for by him. A little of it came from me; not much, I was too angry with your folly; but he couldn't see you quite clam, and he took care you shouldn't. Look at how you were all helped through the fever—and meat and bread and beer gave to you to get up your strength a bit after it! Who did all that? Why, Richard North. You thought it was me; but it was him, only he wouldn't have it known. That was his return for all the black ingratitude you'd showed, in refusing to work for him and bringing him to ruin. Pray God he may not be dead!—but if he is, there's a good man gone to his reward.—Is that you, Ketlar?"

"Yes, it's me," answered Ketlar, who was standing in the shadow, a worse gloom on his face than the night cast.

"When that child of yourn died; Cissy—and many a little help did she get in life from him—who took care that she shouldn't be buried by the parish, but Richard North. He met Fanny Jelly, and he put some money into her hand, and charged her to let it be thought it was *hers*. 'They are in great distress, I know, Jelly,' he said, 'let this be used in any way that's best for them.' That's the master you've been conspiriting together to help to kill, Ketlar."

Ketlar swallowed down a rising sob.

"I'd never have raised a hand again the master; no, nor countenanced it. If anybody has said I would, is's a lie."

"There's not one of you but knew what mischief was in the wind, or might have knew it; and you've countenanced it by keeping silence," retorted Mrs. Gass. "You are a pack of cowards. First of all you ruin him by throwing up his work; and when you find yourselves all a clamming together, or nigh upon it, you turn round on and kill him. May the Lord forgive you! I never will."

Some disturbance. A tramping of feet; and a shouting of running boys. Mrs. Gass was pushed aside, with others, to make way for the cause of interruption passing. Poole, Denton, John Allen, and one more, were marching by in handcuffs, marshalled by some policemen. A telling hiss greeted them.

"'Twas a mistake," said Jack Allen, in answer to the hiss, reckless under his untoward fate. "T'was meant for Ralley: not for the master."

"Is he dead?" called out Mrs. Gass.

But amidst the confusion she got no answer. And at that moment she became aware of a pale countenance near her, peeping out from a muffling of wool.

"Good gracious, Mary, child! You shouldn't be out here."

"I have been with you all the while."

"Then, my dear, you just betake yourself home again. I'll come in as soon as I can learn the truth, and where he is."

Mrs. Gass had not long to wait. Almost as she spoke, Richard North appeared—and thereupon ensued more excitement than ever. Blood was trickling from his temple, but he appeared quite sensible, and was walking slowly, helped by two men.

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Gass, aloud, and the words were heartily echoed. "To my house, men. Mr. Richard, sir, it is but a few steps more—and we'll soon get the doctor. A fine night's work this is!" she concluded, not speaking in reference to the weather, but to the "work."

Little Barrington, the druggist, came out of his shop, and helped to put Richard on Mrs. Gass's sofa. They got his coat off. The left arm was injured, as well as the temple. Little Barrington staunched the blood trickling from the latter—but the arm he preferred not to meddle with.

"He had better be kept quite quiet, until the surgeon comes," said the druggist to Mrs. Gass.

Mrs. Gass cleared the room. About fifty excited messengers had run to the Ham for Mr. Seeley, or Dr. Rane, or both, if they should be found at home. She stood at the front door, looking out and waiting.

Richard North, three parts in a faint, lay with his eyes closed. Opening them in the still room, he saw Mary Dallory kneeling by the sofa, pale and sad. He smiled faintly—and her tears began to drop.

"Don't be alarmed," he whispered. "It might have been worse."

"I would have given my life to save yours, Richard," she impetuously exclaimed, in the delerium of the moment. And, leaning forward, the tears fell now on his face.

His right-hand went out a little, and hers met it.

"Richard, I wish I might stay and nurse you. You have no sister," she added, as an after thought. "Matilda is useless in a sick room."

Richard North nervously pressed her fingers.

"Don't try me too much, Mary; I am caring for you already, more than is good for my peace. Don't tempt me."

"And if I were to tempt you? Though I don't quite take the meaning," she rejoined, softly and nervously; "what then?"

"I might say what I ought not." And there he paused.

"It would make it all the harder for me," he continued. "I am a man of the people; a man of work. You will belong to—to one of a different order."

She knew he alluded to Arthur Bohun, and laughed slightly. But, though she did no more, she left her hand in his, their fingers entwining together. Richard thought it was done solely in compassion.

And now there was a bustle heard—and in came Mr. Seeley, his face hot with running. The hands parted, and Mary Dallory went round to the other side of the table, standing there in decorum.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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☞ In Quebec, during the earthquake, two persons were injured by bricks from falling chimneys. The course of the earth wave was from West to East.

☞ The well that for a long time past was being bored for salt water at Lincoln, Nebraska, is a success. A vein of salt water was found 600 feet below the surface, and it now flows out of the mouth of the well.

☞ The mosquitoes are so plenty in the Adirondacks that they can't all get on a stranger at once, so they stand around in reliefs and wait for their turns, like customers in a barber-shop. They exhaust a man in three days, and then let him alone, like a deserted oil well, to accumulate more blood.

☞ A visitor to the ruins of the village of Bazeilles, near Sedan, writes: "Bazeilles is a heap of smoking rubbish, and under this rubbish how many corpses still! Nothing has yet been cleared away. At the end of a side street a woman was trying to lift up a mass of stones. Her hair was dishevelled, her face pale, her eye fixed and haggard. She made no answer to all the questions we addressed to her, but continued to work. It was evident that the unhappy woman had lost her reason. She was doubtless seeking some beloved being who had perished in the awful catastrophe. On the road stood one living creature, a little child; it held its hand out to us, and said it had not eaten since the day before."

☞ An innocent old farmer, near Muscatine, some time since paid $80 for a patent for making two pounds of fresh butter out of one pound of stale butter, an egg or two, and a pint of milk. The patent wouldn't work in practice, and the purchaser has sued the purchasee for obtaining money under false pretences, and recovered judgment, but no money yet.

☞ Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe writes in the last number of "Old and New:"—"There comes a time after marriage when a husband, if he be anything of a man, has something else to do than make direct love to his wife. He cannot be on duty at all hours to fan her, and shawl her, and admire her. His love must express itself through other channels. He must be a full man for her sake, and, as a man, must go forth to a whole world of interests that takes him from her. Now what in this case shall a woman do, whose only life lies in petting and adoration and display?"

☞ WHO ART THOU?—A few Sabbaths since a stout, fatherly-looking man was pressing his way through the crowd in Plymouth church, in order to get nearer Beecher, when he was arrested in his progress by the great preacher's voice, singing out the words of the text. "Who art thou?" "Who art thou?" again cried out the dramatic preacher. The stout party, thinking himself in the wrong, perhaps, by pressing forward, and believing himself to be personally addressed, startled the brethren and nonplussed their reverend chieftain by sedately replying:—"I'm a pig merchant from Chicago, sir. I hope you ain't mad. There ain't nary chair, or else I'd a sot down."—*Boston Journal.*

CURE OF STAMMERING.—The effectual cure mainly depends upon the determination of the sufferer to carry out the following rule:—Keep the teeth close together, and before attempting to speak inspire deeply; then give time for quiet utterance, and after very slight practice the hesitation will be relieved. No spasmodic action of the lower jaw must be permitted to separate the teeth when speaking. This plan, regularly carried out for six months, cured me when twenty years old. I was painfully bad, both to myself and to others. Without determination to follow out the plan, it is of no use attempting it.

☞ Later advices from China are much more pacific. A despatch dated Tien-sein, September 30, says two mandarins have been transported, and fifteen men beheaded, for complicity in the outrages on French residents. Besides this, an embassy is preparing to go to France.

☞ At the conclusion of one of his late speeches in Indiana, Schuyler Colfax said:—"You will never look upon my face again speaking in a political campaign."

☞ General Cornwallis surrendered only seven thousand men to General Washington, on the 19th of October, 1781—yet the event had important influence upon history.

☞ It is money in Secretary Cox's pocket to go out of office. In Cincinnati he makes $15,000 a year by his practice, and lives on $10,000; in Washington his salary was $8,000, and he had to spend $15,000.

☞ There is a prospect that the result of the Chinese experiment at North Adams, will be to put boots and shoes into the market at a cheaper rate than they have been sold for in a long time. The Chinese shoemakers in Mr. Sampson's factory, have abundantly satisfied their employer. Already he produces shoes of unexceptionable quality for two dollars a case less than ever before; and he confidently counts on getting out the best shoes put in the market anywhere, for six dollars a case less than indifferent ones formerly cost him.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ The man who first made "lucifer matches" in this country was the late Thomas Sanford, of Woodbridge, Connecticut, who might have been a millionaire had he joined in an application for a patent, as solicited by other parties, which has given them a monopoly of the manufacture. Considerable pains have been taken to ascertain the name of the great benefactor who invented lucifer-matches, but without success.

☞ Louis Napoleon, they say, is not afraid of being sent to St. Helena, nor to Ham, nor to the Black Hole of Calcutta. All he asks is that they wont send him to Chicago.

☞ Painting, says Coleridge, is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.

☞ If we are in earnest, if we are consecrated to the service of our highest convictions, we shall move and help others by our weight of character, by the magnetic impulsion of a high and pure life.

☞ The human body, according to Dr. Nichols, in the Journal of Chemistry, contains phosphorus enough for four hundred ordinary two-cent packages of matches, but not quite sulphur enough for them. There is water enough to "drown the individual," or, rather, *another* individual. The sodium in a human body of one hundred and fifty-four pounds, weighs two ounces one hundred and sixteen grains. There is iron enough for a good-sized penknife blade, and enough magnesium to form the silver to a dozen rockets.

☞ Take time to put your words in cartridge shape before you fire them, and you will find increased effectiveness has amply repaid for the extra work.

☞ My education was the example set me by my brothers. There has been, in my day, a good deal said about education, but they appear to me to put out of sight example, which is all in all. There was, in all the members of the family, a reliance on self, a true independence, and by imitation I obtained it.—*Sir C. Bell.*

☞ Anaxagoras says:—"Love always makes us better, Religion sometimes, Power never."

☞ A man in Oxford, Illinois, was bitten by a rattlesnake seventeen years ago, and is still taking whiskey to cure the bite.

☞ The daughter of a wealthy citizen of Gorham, Michigan, died on the 11th ult., from the effects of a bite from a potato bug. She was awakened during the night by a sharp, stinging bite on her face, when she crushed the insect and threw it on the floor. The poison began its work and caused her death.

☞ WHY.—Many persons have wondered why horse-chestnuts, horse-radish, etc., are so called. A Scotch work entitled "Etymons of English Words," says that the original word was "harsh"—harsh-chestnut, harsh-radish, and that the French and Swedes translated it "horse"—hence the common error.

☞ The following and truthful passage occurs in one of the Frederika Bremer books: "There is much goodness in the world, although at a superficial glance one is disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad, is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and the social circles find much to say about it; whilst what is good goes at best like sunshine, quietly through the world."

☞ "Have I not a right to be saucy, if I please?" asked a young lady of an old bachelor. "Yes, if you please, but not if you displease."

☞ A man is said to be absent-minded when he thinks he has left his watch at home, and takes it out of his pocket to see if he has time to return and get it.

☞ A horse that is in good condition usually points one ear forward and the other backward, to catch sounds from all quarters.

☞ A farmer gathers what he sows, while a seamstress sews what she gathers.

☞ Fort Garry advices of the 8th inst., state that the small-pox is killing the Indians by thousands. Let the buyers of furs take care.

☞ President Grant has issued a proclamation designating Thursday, November 24th, as a day of Thanksgiving throughout the United States.

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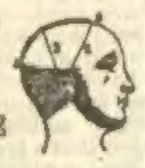

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We will pay agents a salary of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich. oct15-12t

## WIT AND HUMOR.

### THE BATTLE AT SEDAN.

BY CABLE.

It was a still, calm night; the glorious moon was sailing through the sky; the river was running water; the clouds were cloudy; the soldiers were soldiering. I stepped out of my tent and tumbled over Von Moltke. He took my arm and invited me to the tent of the Crown Prince.

"Molty," said I, "what's your little game?"

"Penny ante," replied he.

"Tres bien," added I.

"You are a French spy. Ha! ha!" said he, grasping my collar. "Ho! ho!"

"Dat ish goot," added I.

"Then your dutch," sighed he, dropping me like a pair of hot tongs.

In the tent we found the King, the Crown Prince, Gen. Steinmetz, Gen. Sheridan, and Gen. Forsyth.

"Molty," said I, "introduce me to the King."

"Bill," said he, "this is Jenkins."

Bill held out his foot and I took a suck at his great toe.

Then we went at the game. Bill is pretty good at it, but then he doesn't stand any chance beside Molty. The Crown Prince lost at least fourteen cents—and just as he had a splendid opportunity to retrieve his losses, in came an aide who announced that the French had squatted.

"Where?" cried Von Moltke.

"In Sedan," replied the aide.

"I knew it," said Molty. "Bill, I told you they had no horses for a regular carriage."

Then we went out. The King invited me to sit in his carriage with Molty and Sheridan. We reached the scene of war.

The moon shone; the mountains were mountainous; the trees were treey; and the soft September breeze was breezy. Bismarck came up and asked the King to let him cut behind.

"Bis," said I, "take my seat; I'll take a trip to the French camp."

So I tripped over to the French camp, and found things somewhat mixed. The moon shone. Steadily the Prussian troops advanced, and, with a heroism worthy of a better cause, the French retreated. The Emperor wanted to die in the rear of his men.

"Nap," said I, "you'd better get up and go. The Prussians are coming."

"Jenkins," said he, "kiss me for my mother. I'm betrayed."

"Why don't you have more cheesepots?" said I.

"I'll surrender," said he; get me a white flag."

So I took one of Eugenie's old pocket-handkerchiefs which I found in the tent, stuck it on the end of the sabre of the nephew of his uncle, put Nap in the carriage, jumped in myself, and drove to the Prussian camp. The moon shone; all nature smiled; the rivers were rivery; the Sedans were chairy.

Bill received us very coolly at first—but I gave Bis the wink, and he suggested to His Majesty that he'd better take the Emperor prisoner.

"Nap," said Bill, "is the game up?"

"Bill," said Nap, "you've scored the game. I leave my old clothes to the Regent. I hope she'll like the breeches.

Then he treated to cigarettes, and we all went back to our game of penny ante.—*Punchinello.*

### Mark Twain on Chambermaids.

Against all chambermaids, of whatsoever age or nationality, I launch the curse of Bachelordom!

Because:

They always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas burner, so that while you read and smoke before sleeping (as is the ancient and honored custom of bachelors), you have to hold your book aloft, in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes.

If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed.

If you pull your trunk out six inches from the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

They always put your other boots into inaccessible places. They chiefly enjoy depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. It is because this compels you to get down in an undignified attitude and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the bootjack, and swear.

They always put the match box in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put a bottle or other perishable glass thing, where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing, groping about in the dark, and get yourself into trouble.

They are forever moving the furniture. When you come in, in the night, you can calculate on finding the bureau where the wardrobe was in the morning. And when you come in at midnight, or thereabout, you will fall over the rocking chair, and you will proceed toward the window and sit down in the slop tub. This will disgust you. They like that.

No matter where you put anything, they won't let it stay there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get.

They always save up the old scraps of printed rubbish you throw on the floor, and stack them up carefully on the table, and then start the fire with your valuable manuscripts.

And they use more hair oil than any six men.

They keep always coming to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting agony upon you, but after you get up, they don't come any more till the next day.

---

A PERSON, attending church, took down a hymn as he heard it, and afterward referred to the hymn-book for a translation, with the following result:

WHAT HE HEARD.

"Waw-kaw, swaw da waw raw,
Thaw saw thaw law aw waw;
Waw-kaw taw thaw raw vaw waw braw,
Aw thaw raw jaw saw aw."

THE TRANSLATION.

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

BEHIND TIME.

TICKET COLLECTOR.—"This your boy, mum? He's too big for a half ticket!"

MOTHER (down upon him).—"Oh, is he? Well, p'rhaps he is now, Mister; but he wasn't when we started. This excursion's ever so many hours behind time, an' he's a growing lad! So now!"—*Exit in triumph.*

### A Funeral Sermon.

It is said that once a man of small consequence died, and the Rev. T. K. Beecher, (not H. W. B.,) was asked to preach the funeral sermon—a man who abhors the lauding of people, either dead or alive, except in dignified and simple language, and then only for merits which they actually possessed or possess, not merits which they merely ought to have possessed. The friends of the deceased got up a stately funeral. They must have had misgivings that the corpse might not be praised strongly enough, for they prepared some manuscript headings and notes in which nothing was left unsaid on that subject that a fervid imagination and an unabridged dictionary could compile, and these they handed to the minister as he entered the pulpit. They were merely intended as suggestions, and so the friends were filled with consternation when the minister stood up in the pulpit and proceeded to read off the curious odds and ends in ghastly detail and in a loud voice! And their consternation solidified to petrifaction when he paused at the end, contemplated the multitude reflectively, and then said impressively:

"The man would be a fool who tried to add anything to that. Let us pray!"

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INNOCENT DEAR.—Last week a gentleman of this city was pouring over what to give a young lady friend, and at last decided that it should be a ring. "Now, my dear friend, what kind of a ring would you like? It is so very puzzling; there are so many sorts." "Well, Mr. Smith, you know, one don't like to make a choice in these matters—a little delicate, you understand; but, really, if you insist upon it—I s'pose you will—why, I should like an engagement ring dearly!" was the innocent reply.

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MRS. EDWARDS (lately married). "Really, George, I thought you would be more interesting, and not smoke for hours, without exchanging a word. This does not realize those bright pictures you painted before our marriage."

MR. EDWARDS. "You may depend upon it, darling, all pictures look better through the medium of smoke. It tones them down."

[Mrs. Edwards does not know in the least what Mr. Edwards means; neither does he know himself; but the effect is all the same. Mrs. Edwards is silenced.]

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A PERTINENT QUESTION.—John Van Buren once won a suit at which the opposite party was so much enraged, that he declared that whenever he met "Prince John" he would pitch into him. They encountered each other at an oyster counter. The man at once addressed him: "Mr. Van Buren, is there a cause so bad, or an individual so infamous, that your services cannot be obtained?" "I cannot say," said John, swallowing another oyster; and then, stooping over, he asked, in an undertone that everybody could hear—"What have you been doing?"

### Temperance in India.

The following extract is from an address by Baboo Kerhub Chunder Sen, the distinguished Hindoo preacher, now in England:—

"If you desire to see homely and conclusive illustrations of the golden principles of temperance, go to India. Go from village to village, and from town to town, and you will see with your own eyes what wonders have been achieved in that nation by the power of temperance, and temperance alone. But alas! if you wish to see the effects which have resulted from the interference of a Christian nation and a Christian government with those principles and practices of temperance, you must go to India. There you will see now hundreds upon hundreds—ay, thousands upon thousands, of enlightened, energetic, and promising young men and young women are dying month after month, and year after year, as the necessary and inevitable consequence of that iniquitous system of liquor traffic which the British government, to its shame, has introduced into India."

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THE DEVIL'S SONATA.—It is related of Tartini, the famous composer, that after wearing himself ill in vainly attempting to finish a sonata, he fell asleep, and dreamed of the theme that was upon his mind. In this dream the devil appeared to him, and proposed to help him in his sonata, provided he would give him his soul in return. He agreed, and the devil at once composed the sonata off-hand in the most charming manner. When he awoke, he rushed to the desk and put down the notes which still lingered in his memory, and the result was the masterly sonata which is now known by the name of the "Sonate du Diable."

### Men and Women.

A woman, "Ouida," writes as follows in a recent novel. Is it not awful, dear lady reader:—

I suppose I shall be considered very heterodox if I write a thing that I really believe; but I do believe it; and it is this—that men are much softer at heart than women.

Oh, I know men can be hard enough; they can swear savagely on occasions; they can hit mercilessly when they are minded; they can be like steel or granite to a woman whom they have ceased to care about; I know that. But for all that they are never hard with the chill, contented, egotistic, lifelong brutality of women. "After me the deluge!"—that is a woman all over. If the Pompadour did not say it, she ought to have done.

Lucretius has said how charming it is to stand under a shelter in a storm, and see another hurrying through its rain and wind; but a woman would refine that sort of cruelty, and would not be quite content unless she had an umbrella beside her that she refused to lend.

I get very much out of patience when I hear of the tenderness of women; they are only tender just for themselves and their belongings—as tigresses and bears are. They have no notion of any impersonal sympathy. Men you can move by a thousand things—their imaginations, their affections, their chivalries, their follies, their intelligence, their perception, what you will. But a woman can only be moved by just one thing alone—her own private interests.

Women always put me in mind of that bird of yours, the cuckoo.

Your poetry and your platitudes have all combined to attach a most sentimental value to cuckoos and women; all sorts of pretty fantasies surround them both; the springtide of the year, the breath of early flowers, the verse of old dead poets, the scent of sweet summer rains, the light of bright dewy dawns—all these things you have mingled with the thought of the cuckoo till its first call through the woods in April brings all these memories with it. Just so in like manner have you entangled your poetic ideals, your dreams of peace and purity, all divinities of patience and of pity, all sweet saintly sacrifice and sorrow, with your ideas of women.

Well—cuckoos and women, believe me, are very much like each other, and not at all like your fantasy—to get a well-feathered nest without the trouble of making it, and to keep easily in it themselves, no matter who may turn out in the cold, is both cuckoo and woman all over; and while you quote Herrick and Herbert about them as you walk in the dewy greenwood, they are busy slaying the poor lovely fledglings that their own young may lie snug and warm.

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### Want of Courage.

Sydney Smith, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for the want of a little brass, as it is termed:—"A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting the chances."

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Butter Factories.

"J——, CITY, August 27th, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR:—I cannot make butter much longer. Twelve cows will kill me in three more years. No girl that I can get does the work as I want it done, and for that reason I soon come to doing it myself. Husband—the kindest of men—sometimes helps me skim the milk, and almost always when the field work is not driving, empties the pans. It is all that he can do, but it is, at the best, but little.

"I am asking him every day to get the neighbors together, and see if they cannot build a butter-factory. Even if we did not make as much, my life would be longer, and so, on the whole, I should do as much for him and the children. You have helped me a great many times—can you not help me now?

"Your friend, B. S."

These sober words tell the old, old story of New England women worked to death. "Twelve cows will kill me in three more years." That is it. And when she is dead, the husband, the kind husband, will say: "Well, she did have to work pretty hard." "You know we couldn't get a good girl." "She went down in a hurry after she once gave up." Worked to death!

There is no class of women in the world subjected to such endless, such exacting toil as those who are their own dairy-maids in addition to being their own housekeepers, and the conjunction is not an unusual one among even well-to-do farmers, both east and west of the Hudson.

Good in-door help has been among the things not to be had in the years gone by. It will be easier obtained when Chinamen, who do now most of the butter-making in California, are welcomed to our homes.

But even these some farmers cannot afford to pay, and perhaps cannot get, even if the cost were not a serious obstacle. What can be done for ten thousand such women as the one who penned this honest and most earnest appeal? The best thing that presents itself now is the erection of butter-factories within reach of their homes.

They have proved a great success. They are destined to multiply; and although the profits of a dairy may not be quite as large, taking all things into the account—and even on this point we do not speak with any degree of assurance—when we consider the load lifted from the shoulders of the wife who is being *worked to death*, the transfer of the milk from her charge and manipulation to that of those whose sinews are stronger set, the expediency of the thing is at once apparent.

One of the largest butter-factories, and perhaps one of the most successful, is at Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y. During the month of July it had the milk from 850 cows, and besides the skimmed cheese, which amounts frequently to a ton a day, it produced 775 pounds of butter in the same twenty-four hours, or about fourteen and a half ounces average to a cow, which is a remarkable yield for the number milked.

Both butter and cheese are manufactured here by the pound—three cents for the former and two for the latter—those furnishing the milk paying for boxes, bandages, etc., for cheese; and salt, packages, etc., for butter.

In every point of view the institution is a success. The only fear is, that the country will be flooded with skimmed cheese to the great depression of the market; but time will regulate all this.

The best plan to start a butter or cheese factory, is to call a meeting of the inhabitants in any given locality, summon from some dairy region (paying him his expenses and for his time) some man who has had practical experience, and can therefore advise with reference to size of building, location, etc. Then let the farmers present subscribe for the stock—form, in fact, a Corporation, appoint Directors and a President, and during the winter the buildings can be erected, the machinery procured, and when spring comes, the women in the neighborhood, instead of having in prospect toil that never knows respite or change, can contemplate the summer, not as a season in which they are being *worked to death*, but one of such enjoyment as reasonable labor, surrounded with the beauties of the season, always affords.—*Hearth and Home.*

---

### Our Receipt for Curing Meat.

To one gallon of water,
Take 1½ lbs. of salt,
¼ lb. of sugar.
½ oz. of saltpetre.
½ oz. of potash.

In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when *cold*, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface, blood, &c., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well; though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar.

If this receipt is properly tried it will never be abandoned. There is none that surpass it, if so good.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

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### Raise Good Horses.

Speed is not the only good thing derivable from blood, it is very nearly the *least* good thing. That which the blood-horse does possess is a degree of strength in his bones, sinews, and frame at large, utterly out of proportion to the size or apparent strength of that frame. The texture, the form and the symmetry of the bones—all, in the same bulk and volume—possess double, or nearer four-fold, the elements of resistance and endurance in the blood-horse that they do in the cold-blooded cart-horse. The difference in the form and texture of the sinews and muscles, and in the inferior tendency to form flabby, useless flesh, is still more in favor of the blood-horse. Beyond this, the internal anatomical construction of his respiratory organs, of his arterial and venous system, of his nervous system, in a word, of his constitution generally—is calculated to give him what he possesses, greater vital power, greater recuperatory power, greater physical power, in proportion to his bulk and weight, than any other known animal—added to greater quickness of movement, and to greater courage, greater endurance of labor, hardship, suffering—in a word, greater (what is called vulgarly) game or pluck than will be found in any other of the horse family.—*American Stock Journal.*

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### Potash for Peach Trees.

Dr. Geo. B. Wood, President of the American Philosophical Society, having noticed that his peach trees after producing a few crops, ceased bearing, and died in a few years; and believing that the cause of decay was worms at the roots of the tree, put into operation a plan for the destruction of the worms. He dug holes five or six inches deep at the base of the stem, scraped away all worms that could be found and filled up with wood ashes fresh from the stove, which of course contained all the potash. This was done in the autumn of 1868, with a result in the following spring at which he was astonished. The trees appeared to have been restored to all their early freshness and vigor—put forth bright green leaves, blossomed copiously, and bore a heavy crop of fruit. On reflection Dr. Wood attributes the favorable results more to the effect of the potash contained in the ashes than to the destruction of the worms.

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LOOSENING SCREWS AND NUTS.—The Coach Maker's Magazine says:—"When you find screws and nuts have become fast from rust, pour on them a little kerosene or coal oil, and wait a few moments until they become soaked with the liquid. When this is done, they can be easily started, and the bolt saved."

## THE RIDDLER.

### Enigma.

I am composed of 76 letters.

My 8, 1, 7, 12, 18, 36, 22, 49, is a city in China.

My 47, 26, 10, 41, 35, 27, 19, is the name of one of Shakspeare's plays.

My 70, 64, 2, 23, 71, 61, is a character in the above play.

My 73, 6, 38, 57, 30, 2, 63, 56, is the birthplace of a celebrated poet.

My 72, 55, 28, 76, 5, 32, 15, was an English poet.

My 40, 8, 47, 75, 61, 31, 27, 5, 69, is the name of a town in England.

My 4, 74, 20, 54, 24, 62, 42, 12, 58, is the name of an American author.

My 14, 26, 34, 29, 7, is the name of a prominent Frenchman.

My 34, 71, 49, 43, 54, 15, 37, 48, 9, 30, is the name of a well-known novel.

My 59, 44, 61, 59, 33, 25, 48, 18, 64, 17, 60, is dangerous to follow.

My 52, 64, 35, 51, 76, 20, 19, 13, 47, 28, is the name of one of Hawthorne's works.

My 10, 21, 71, 18, 46, 26, 50, 21, 16, 23, 66, 28, 5, is a river in Georgia.

My 41, 74, 23, 10, 19, 64, 31, is the name of a Grecian god.

My 34, 9, 23, 18, 68, 42, 45, 64, 44, 13, is the name of a renowned French writer.

My 67, 9, 63, 52, 68, 47, is a quality which few possess.

My whole is a quotation from one of Bulwer's plays. A.

*Germantown.*

---

### Riddle.

My 1st is in fiction, also in truth.
My 2d is in age, but not in youth.
My 3d is in "Muggins," but not in "Whist."
My 4th is in "Oliver," but not in "Twist."
My 5th is in worship, but not in church.
My 6th is in hickory, also in birch.
My 7th is in weasel, but not in mink.
My 8th is in hinting, also in wink.
My 9th is in wheaten, but not in corn.
My 10th is in whistle, but not in horn.
My last is in grasses, also in ferns.
My whole is a poem by Robert Burns.

DOT AND DASH.

*Plainville, Ohio.*

---

### Problem.

How much water can be put into a cubical vessel three feet deep, which has been previously filled with cannon balls of the same size, 2, 4, 6 or 9 inches in diameter, regularly arranged in tiers, one directly above another?

E. P. NORTON.

*Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.*

☞ An answer is requested.

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### Alligation-Mixing Problem.

A man having a 4 gallon keg, filled with brandy, began on Sunday morning to draw one quart from the same, filling up the occasioned space with water. Next morning, drawing again one quart of the mixture, he filled up the space again with one quart of water, and so continued every morning during the week; that is for seven days, each day drawing one quart from the mixture in the keg, and filling up the empty space occasioned with water. What was the proportion of brandy left to the proportion of water mixed in the keg on Saturday evening?

AUGUSTUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

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### Conundrums.

☞ When is a butterfly like a kiss? Ans.—When it alights on tulips.

☞ Why is a dead dog's tail like a turnpike gate? Ans.—Because it's stopped a waggin.

☞ When were there only two vowels? Ans.—In the days of Noah, before you and I were born (in the days of *no a*, before *u* and *i* were born.)

☞ Why is a successful comic actor unlike a schoolmaster fond of flogging? Ans.—Because the one makes a furor (few roar) and the other makes a great many roar.

☞ When does a monarch shower blessings on his people? Ans.—When he rains.

☞ Why does a duck put its head under water? Ans.—For divers reasons.

☞ How may you best keep eggs from spoiling? Ans.—By eating them while they're fresh.

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### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—

"Farewell, good-bye, be very true,
Remember, love, I pray,
I've nothing in this world but you
To guide me on my way."

RIDDLE.—Flea, Lea, Alp, Pea, Ape, Pa, Peal, Lap, Ale, Pale.

## RECEIPTS.

AROMATIC MUSTARD—After the manner of the Germans and other Europeans. "To 1 quart pure cider vinegar, add 2 tablespoonsful each of ground allspice and cinnamon, 1 do. of cloves, 3 do. brown sugar, 4 do. salt, and 3 large onions cut fine. Boil until the strength is well extracted, say ½ or ¾ of an hour; then strain the vinegar, boiling, on to 1 lb. best English mustard, and stir until it is perfectly smooth. If not thin enough, put more vinegar to the same spices, boil and mix." This keeps well in a fruit jar, and improves by age. Boiling the vinegar for the length of time directed above would weaken it very much. The flavor of the spices would be extracted equally well by keeping the mixture nearly boiling hot in a covered vessel. Another formula is given by Mrs. E. D. C., Meadville, Pa.: "4 tablespoonsful of ground mustard, 1 do. flour, 1 do. sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 do. black pepper, 1 do. cinnamon, 1 do. cloves. Mix smoothly with boiling vinegar and let stand several hours before using. It may be thinned with cold vinegar. Will keep any length of time."

TO DRIVE OFF OR DESTROY RED ANTS.—The following recipe has proved successful in every case where tried:—Take six or seven drops of oxalic acid (which is in a liquid state during warm weather) and mix it with a small teacup half full of melted lard, and set this preparation wherever the ants are troublesome, and they will disappear in a very short space of time. This is also good to keep out other insects.—*H., Keokuk, Iowa.*

M. A. H. asks for some cure for red ants. I have found this spring that carbolic acid was very effectual in a closet which they had just entered. First wipe them all out with a damp cloth, and then with a little swab of raw cotton, on a thin stick, wet with the acid, wipe all around the edge of the shelves, and wherever they seem to come from. At least this plan caused them to disappear at once; or, rather, no more came. I also put some of the acid round the legs of the safes, and have had no more trouble.—*A. A. W., North Bend, O.*